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THE  
SERIES



A Poor  
Married Man

PRICE 25 CENTS



T.S. DENISON & COMPANY CHICAGO



# DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

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April Fools, 30 min. ....	3	
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Convention of Papas, 25 min. ....	7	
Country Justice, 15 min. ....	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

A POOR MARRIED MAN



MR. WALTER BEN HARE  
AS  
"A POOR MARRIED MAN"

# A POOR MARRIED MAN

A FARCE COMEDY IN  
THREE ACTS

BY

WALTER BEN HARE

AUTHOR OF

*"Aaron Boggs, Freshman," "Civil Service," "A College Town," "The Fascinators," "Laughing Water," "Macbeth à la Mode," "Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown," "Parlor Matches," "Rose o' My Heart," "A Rustic Romeo," Sewing for the Heathen," "A Southern Cinderella," "Savageland," Etc., Etc.*



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

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# A POOR MARRIED MAN

WHO'S WHO.

PROFESSOR JOHN B. WISE, aged 27... *A Poor Married Man*  
 DOCTOR MATTHEW GRAHAM, aged 54.....  
 ..... *A Country Physician*  
 BILLY BLAKE, aged 20..... *A Popular College Boy*  
 JUPITER JACKSON, aged 23..... *A Black Trump*  
 MRS. IONA FORD, aged 48..... *Some Mother-in-law*  
 ZOIE, aged 20..... *Her Charming Daughter*  
 JUNE GRAHAM, aged 18..... *A Little Freshman*  
 ROSALIND WILSON, aged 19..... *A College Reporter*  
*College Boys and Girls (may be omitted.)*

PLACE—*A Small College Town in the Middle West.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*Two Hours.*

ACT I. Interior of Professor Wise's pretty little bungalow. "Hail to the Bride!" A distant thunderstorm.

ACT II. Same scene as Act I. Too much mother-in-law. It never rains but it pours.

ACT III. Same scene, two years later. A happy little home. After a storm comes a calm.

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## THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

A Poor Married Man is offered to amateurs with the confidence that their audiences will be delighted with a play combining the best elements of comedy with the action and movement of pure farce. It is not a "sit down and talk" play, it is decidedly a "get up and do" play. The refined comedy scenes of the innocent old country doctor and his modest little daughter are in sharp contrast to the ludicrous adventures of the newly married college professor and the antics of his negro servant who thinks himself poisoned. Action is the dominant keynote of this play.

A professor has married a charming young lady whose mother insists on accompanying the pair to their new home, much to the disgust of the groom. His friends mistake the mother for the bride and relate to the professor sundry escapades of the mother's husbands and her daughter. Professor Wise naturally thinks they are referring to his wife instead of her mother. A dashing college boy and a pretty reporter add to the professor's growing suspicion. Finally he becomes convinced that his wife means to poison him. The bride, who has married the professor at her mother's instigation, learns that she really loves Billy, and when the mother learns that Billy is wealthy and that he is in love with her daughter, she determines to divorce the professor from Zoic. She is successful in this and in the first instance marriage is proved to be a failure.

The professor marries again after a year and he selects a girl who will not encumber him with a mother-in-law, but to his horror her innocent old father is trapped into a marriage with the woman who caused all his former trouble, and Mrs Iona Ford once more becomes the professor's mother-in-law. But Billy, who has been on a trip around the world, has located Mrs. Ford's original husband in China. All ends happily and all pronounce marriage a distinct success.

## SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

ACT I. Living room in the professor's bungalow. The students prepare a hot reception for the professor and his bride. The pretty college reporter writes up the home coming. The dummy bride. Jupiter has trouble with the "decorations." "Well, I'll be dog-goned." The bride's mother arrives. "Is this a lunatic asylum?" "No, lady, it's only a college town." "That's the same thing!" "Here comes the bride!" A befuddled bridegroom. "Is dat young hippopotamus our little pet dog Socrates?" "Say, how old is my daughter?" "I should say about twenty." "Then how old is my wife?" "Well, she must be at least twenty-one." Lobster salad and mysterious disappearances. A modern Lucrezia Borgia. Getting rid of Socrates. "My dear, you've married a lunatic!"

ACT II. Same scene as Act I. Billy and Zoie. "Professor, I love your wife." "Take her mother." Doctor Graham and his modest little daughter make a great impression on the professor. "We'll get a divorce." A peaceful little lunch. "Good lawsey me, I'se poisoned, I'se a dead nigger, I'se a gone coon!" Off for Reno.

ACT III. Two years later. A happy family. Marriage is *not* a failure. A letter from Billy. Doctor Graham and his bride. "She's like a violet, a little, timid, shrinking violet!" June mistakes Zoie for her new mamma. "You have deceived me, sir; I'll get a divorce." The professor's nightmare. Billy's trip to China and what he found there. "Marriage is a great and grand success."

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 COSTUMES.

Modern and characteristic.

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 PROPERTIES.

## ACT I.

Old shoes (seven or eight).

White cambric ribbons.



Signs, "Oh, You Kid," "The Newlyweds," "Hail to the Bride," "Because I'm Married Now," "The Bride."

Dummy seated *R. C.* made of pillows, dress, hat, shoes, etc.

Small step ladder.

Notebook and pencil for *Rosalind*.

Broom and dustpan for *Jupiter*.

Two grips for *Mrs. Ford*.

Horns, megaphones, etc., off stage.

Grip for *Zoie*.

Grip, umbrella, hat box, strapped shawl, bird cage, bundles for professor.

Large ugly dog on chain for *Billy*.

Towel to tie around *Wise's* head.

Flowers in vase on table.

College bell off *L.* (Strike suspended piece of iron with iron rod.)

Champagne basket with two bottles of (real) champagne.

Shot gun.

Framed picture. Picture made of paper to tear easily.

## ACT II.

Apron and cap for *Zoie*.

Apron and cap for *Mrs. Ford*.

White table cloth.

Plates, dishes, bread, carving knife.

Cups, saucers, knives, forks, spoons, etc.

Large dish of (real) lobster salad.

Grip containing shirts, ties, socks, white trousers, etc. (about thirty pieces).

Wheelbarrow for *Billy*.

## ACT III.

Breakfast dishes. Toast rack.

Doll with baby cap and long dress.

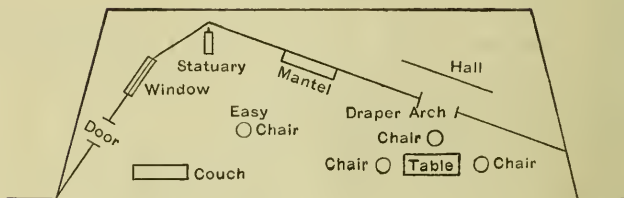
Crib.

Two letters for *Jupiter*.

Opera glasses in crib.

Grip for *Graham*.

## SCENE PLOT



NOTE: An ordinary interior scene may be used if found more convenient to set than the above arrangement.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance, up-stage, etc.; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; up-stage, away from footlights; down-stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

# A POOR MARRIED MAN

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## ACT I.

SCENE: *The living room of PROFESSOR WISE'S pretty bungalow in a small college town in the Middle West. A pretty interior setting. Scene boxed to show one corner of the room, one wall extending from down R. diagonally to R. C. at rear (here is the corner); the other wall extending from down L. to R. C. rear. A tall piece of statuary, tall piano lamp or high potted palm in the corner. Draped arch in left wall showing hall setting beyond. Small door in R. wall and also window, this last item at the convenience of the stage carpenter.*

*Green carpet down with several medium-sized fur rugs. Mantel masked by screen may be up L. (This is not essential.) Furniture should be dark. Large table down L. covered with dark cloth, books, magazines, writing material, flowers in vase, blank books, etc. Three chairs around this table. Large leather couch down R. Several easy chairs around stage. Other furniture, bric-à-brac, etc., as desired to dress stage. Pictures on wall. Large easy chair at R. C.*

*Several old shoes tied with bows of white cambric are suspended from wall, table, etc. Sign reading "The Newly-weds" stands leaning against table. Other signs, "Hail to the Bride," "Welcome Home," "Oh, You Kid," "Because I'm Married Now," etc., in plain view of audience. Dummy figure of woman seated in easy chair at R. C. Sign on figure reads "The Bride."*

*Lights on full throughout the act.*

*Four or five students (male or female) are discovered at the rise of the curtain arranging signs, etc., all working busily. BILLY BLAKE is discovered on small step ladder hanging several old shoes on a string over the arched en-*

trance in *L.* wall. The shoes hang just at the height to strike anyone in the face who enters.

Bright music, *The Wedding March* from *Lohengrin* (or similar music) played loud and fast, to take up the curtain. After rise there is a slight pause, the characters on stage all working busily, laughing, etc.

BILLY (*sits on ladder and surveys his completed work*). There, I guess that's all right. (*Looks around stage.*) Some hot reception for the newly-weds, what? They'll be here pretty soon; the train is just about due now.

Enter ROSALIND WILSON from *L.*, dodging the hanging shoes. She carries small notebook and pencil.

ROSALIND. Hello, folkses. (*Looks around and laughs.*) Say, it's great. Perfectly killing. You ought to have a medal. (*Writes in book.*) "The house was decorated in old gold silken draperies and cream tea roses." I'm going to give them the biggest write-up that ever appeared in the *Student*. (*May change name to local paper.*) This is my first wedding and I'm going to be a credit to my paper.

BILLY (*descending*). See, Rosalind here's the bride. (*Points to dummy.*) Get onto her curves.

ROSALIND (*at L. C.*). The bride? (*Sees dummy.*) Oh, Billy, she's a dream. (*Writes.*) "The bride wore a beautiful going-away gown of the new putty broadcloth, edged with cerise suede and a duck of a hat. Her entire appearance showed at a glance that she has admirable taste as well as youth and beauty. She will be a most welcome addition to the younger faculty set of the college."

BILLY (*at L.*). Say, the train ought to be in by now.

ROSALIND (*turns to him*). It is. Came in five minutes ago. I just caught a glimpse of the wedding party. Professor Wise looked too happy for words. Everyone in town is down at the station with megaphones, dinner bells and fish horns. I never heard anything like it.

BILLY. Come on. We're missing something. Hurry! (*Runs out L. followed by other students.*)

ROSALIND. I wonder if they've opened the presents yet. I suppose not. The bride will want to do that herself.

What will she think of us? Well, I should worry. She certainly is receiving a warm welcome.

*Enter JUPITER JACKSON from L. He wears a cook's white apron and carries a broom and dustpan. He gets tangled with the hanging shoes. Dodges around them, hits at them with broom. Falls, etc. Sits on floor.*

JUPITER (*slowly*). Well, I'll be dog-goned. Ain't dem students just scandalous? I wonder what de professor's goin' to say?

ROSALIND. Good morning.

JUPITER (*rises*). Good morning, lady. Is you want something?

ROSALIND. Oh, no. I'm a reporter on the *Daily Student*. I'm covering the home coming.

JUPITER (*stupidly*). Covering what?

ROSALIND. Writing about the wedding. It's all right. Professor Wise knows me. I'm Miss Wilson.

JUPITER. Say, you didn't hang all dese-yere decorations round here, did you?

ROSALIND. Oh, no. I'm perfectly innocent.

JUPITER. What does all dese yere signs say? Looks like a grocery store on Saturday night.

ROSALIND. Well, this one says, "Oh, You Kid," and this one "Because I'm Married Now." They're wedding presents from the students.

JUPITER (*looks around slowly, then slowly speaks*). Well, I'll be dog-goned.

ROSALIND. The professor and his wife have just arrived.

JUPITER. Is dey? Here, lemme get to work. I'll bet he'll think I did all dis yere fooling. Where is he at?

ROSALIND. Down at the station.

JUPITER. Jes' look at dem shoes. Ain't dat scandalous? Say, I got to take 'em down.

ROSALIND. Nonsense. Leave them alone. The professor will be delighted.

JUPITER. Delighted? Yes'm, dat's so. He'll jest about delight on my head wif a broomstick. Dat's what he'll do. Something's goin' to happen, kase I feels it in my bones.

(*Cheers heard in distance.*)

ROSALIND. Oh, they must be coming. I've got to see the fun. (*Goes to L.*)

JUPITER (*following her*). Yes'm; but what'll I do? (*As ROSALIND exits L. she swings shoe back, striking JUPITER. After pause*). Well, I'll be dog-goned. Say, I got to clean up all dis muss. (*Gets down on knees, sweeps dirt in dustpan. Works around to chair, sees shoe of the dummy and skirt, but nothing else as the chair is facing the other way.*) 'Scuse me, lady, but I got to clean up in here. (*Pause.*) 'Scuse me, but de professor don't 'low nobody here today 'cause he's jest got married. (*Pause, turns, looks at chair distrustfully.*) Humph, she ain't saying much. (*Rises, works around stage, finally bumps into chair containing dummy.*) 'Scuse me, lady. Maybe she's asleep. (*Turns chair around.*) Umm-umm! (*Pause, he examines dummy, then smiles.*) Well, I'll be dog-goned. (*At R.*)

*Enter from L. MRS. IONA FORD, carrying two grips. She runs into shoes, drops grips, runs into ladder, uttering exclamations, finally sinks in chair down L.*

MRS. F. Heavens! Where am I? What is it? A lunatic asylum?

JUPITER (*comes C.*). Is you want something, lady?

MRS. F. Colored man, colored man, what does all this mean?

JUPITER. White lady, white lady, dog-goned if I know.

MRS. F. Is this a lunatic asylum?

JUPITER. No, lady, it's only a college town.

MRS. F. Well, that's all the same thing. Are you the servant here?

JUPITER. Yes'm, I'se de chambermaid.

MRS. F. What's that ladder standing there for?

JUPITER (*carelessly*). Nothing at all, nothing at all. Jes decorations.

MRS. F. Oh, I'm flustrated, flustrated!

JUPITER. Say, lady, is you looking for Professor Wise?

MRS. F. Looking for him. I came with him. He's out

there in the yard making a speech to the students. We just got in on the last train.

JUPITER. Is you the bride?

MRS. F. Colored man, I believe I've seen you before. Didn't you use to live in Cleveland?

JUPITER. Yes'm, I sure did. Born and bred in Cleveland.

MRS. F. Your name is Jackson. You used to be the janitor in the moving picture show in Second Avenue.

JUPITER. Lady, you certainly is a mind reader or a fortune teller. I sure did.

MRS. F. Don't you remember me? I used to have golden hair in those days. That was six years ago. I took the tickets.

JUPITER. Did you? (*Slowly.*) Well, I'll be dog-goned. Course I remembers. You was Mis' Clark. Say, what eber became ob your husband?

MRS. F. Oh, don't ask me. He disappeared.

JUPITER. Yes'm, I knows he did. Poor business, money all a goin' out and none comin' in. He ate some lobster salad one afternoon, an' *good-night*, nobody eber heard tell ob Mistah Clark again.

MRS. F. Then I moved to Dayton.

JUPITER. And now you's here. Well, I'll be dog-goned. Where's de professor?

MRS. F. Making a fool of himself. Say, tell me, is he a drinking man?

JUPITER. No, ma'am, *no ma'am*. He belongs to de white ribboners Woman's Christmas Temperance Society. Don't neber touch a drop. Don't eben allow it on de premises. But I got a little in de kitchen dat I keeps for medicated purposes, an' if you wants a little—

MRS. F. The idea! I never touch it. But as we were coming from Niagara Falls the professor had the toothache. A traveling man gave him some medicine in the smoker. He said it was medicine, but I've been married too long to believe everything I hear. Honestly, I believe the professor has had a drop too much.

JUPITER. Well, I'll be dog-goned. Ain't dat scandalous?

MRS. F. Show me to my room. The best in the house. Then come back here and remove these signs and things. Remember that I am mistress here, and I won't allow any such carrying on. Here, take these grips. Now, where's my room?

JUPITER. Right in here. Dis way to de bridal chamber. (*Exits R.*)

MRS. F. (*looks around*). Oh, those students ought to be tarred and feathered. And the professor in such a state! I never would have dreamed such a thing. (*Exit R.*)

*Enter ZOIE from L., dodging shoes. She carries grips, etc.*

ZOIE. Oh, how disgusting! The professor is making a fool of himself in front of all the students. And I thought he was going to be an ideal husband. (*Looks around.*) Oh, what insolence! What insufferable insolence! I wonder where the servants are. Oh, I wish I were back again in Niagara Falls. I wish I'd never laid eyes on John B. Wise. (*Calls.*) Mamma, mamma! Where are you?

MRS. F. (*off stage at R.*). Here I am. Come in here, Zoie.

ZOIE. All right. Oh, mamma, I'm so disappointed, so terribly disappointed!

MRS. F. *appears at door at R., combing a hair switch.*

MRS. F. Brides always are, my dear. But don't you worry. I'll tame this tartar. Just leave everything to me. I'm a woman of experience.

(*Cheers and noise out L.*)

ZOIE. Oh, just listen. John's making a fool of himself.

MRS. F. What else can you expect? He's a man, and all men are alike. Come with me. I'll make you a cup of tea and we'll have a little lunch. And as for John, well, you just leave John to me. (*Escorts ZOIE out at R.*)

*Pause. Loud applause and cheers from L. Enter PROFESSOR JOHN B. WISE, loaded down with grips, umbrella, hat box, strapped shawl, bird-cage, bundles, etc. He runs into the dangling shoes and staggers. He is under the in-*



*fluence of liquor. He gets twisted in dangling ribbons. Drops bundles, tries to recover them, falls sprawling. Slowly sits up and shakes his fist at the dangling shoes.*

WISE. Shay, I wonder who threw those shoes at me? They seem to be floating around in the air and refuse to light. Oh, that was the most peculiar toothache medicine I ever saw. (*Slowly.*) It makes me feel so funny. So very, very funny. And this is my wedding day. I wonder where my little wifie is? Oh, I guess little wifie's all right, all right. Her mother will take care of her. (*Sees ladder.*) Well, look at that. Maybe I'm in the wrong house. I never knew we had an upstairs in our house. I'd better go upstairs and investigate. (*Rises unsteadily, tries to climb ladder, gets feet through holes between steps, etc. Finally falls and overturns ladder.*) Shay, there must have been an earthquake. It's very peculiar, so very, very peculiar. (*On floor near dummy.*) Shay, next time I get married I'm not going to allow anyone to give me any toothache medicine. (*Sees dummy's feet.*) Someone is here. (*Rises with difficulty, tries to act dignified.*) I beg your pardon. (*Pause.*) I shay, I beg your pardon. (*Pause.*) Yes, it's a delightful day. (*Pause.*) What say? Were you looking for anyone? Madam, you are acting most peculiarly—most peculiarly. (*Struggles over word "peculiarly."*) I shall have to ask you to leave my house. (*Staggers toward dummy, sways, loses balance and sits on dummy.*) Great heavens! (*Rises with difficulty.*) What have I done? I beg pardon, madam. I humbly beg your pardon. It's an excess of toothache. Will you forgive me? (*Pause.*) Please forgive me. (*Kneels and takes sleeve of dummy.*) Great heavens, madam, you've forgotten to put your arm in your sleeve. (*Waves sleeve in dummy's face.*) Naughty, naughty lady! (*Looks at dummy closely.*) What a peculiar expression. (*Reads sign.*) "The Bride." (*Faces audience and straightens up.*) Not if I know myself. (*Grabs dummy.*) Come on; we'll dance a little turkey-trot. (*Dummy falls to pieces.*) Say, you are acting most peculiarly. (*Kicks pieces aside.*) It's a student joke. They have a peculiar sense of humor.

Well, I'll go to my room and get a drink of water. (*Starts to R.*)

*Enter MRS. FORD from R.*

MRS. F. So, there you are!

WISE. Yesh, little wifie, here I am.

MRS. F. You brute! You beast!

WISE. I made a little mistake. It isn't little wifie at all. It's little wifie's mother.

MRS. F. Did you bring all the baggage?

WISE. Yes, madam, I did. I don't think I've forgotten a thing. (*Points to L.*) There it is.

MRS. F. Where is Socrates?

WISE. Socrates? What Socrates?

MRS. F. My Socrates. My darling little Socrates.

WISE. Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Iona Ford, I didn't know you had a darling little Socrates. (*Shakes finger at her.*) Madam, this is grave, very, very grave.

MRS. F. I mean my little dog Socrates. What have you done with him?

WISE. Madam, I am not a dog trainer. Your little dog Socrates has escaped.

MRS. F. (*crosses to L.*). What! You've allowed my little pet to escape. And in a strange town. Oh, he'll be lost to me forever. Go out and find him.

*Enter ZOIE from R.*

WISE (*at C.*). I refuse to do anything of the sort. I'm going to my room.

ZOIE. John, you'd better let me call the servant and have him help you. Come, dear. (*Takes his arm.*)

MRS. F. (*takes his L. arm*). You come with me. You must help me find my little darling.

ZOIE (*pulling WISE to R.*). You must go to your room at once. You need a doctor.

MRS. F. (*pulling him to L.*). Nonsense. He's got to find Socrates.

ZOIE. Oh, mamma, what will the students say if he goes out there looking like this? Come with me. (*Pulls him to R.*)

MRS. F. I won't allow it. Think of poor little Socrates all alone in a strange town. (*Pulls WISE violently to L.*)

ZOIE. Mamma! (*They scuffle, pulling WISE first one way, then another.*)

WISE. Say, what do you think I am? A wish-bone?

*Enter JUPITER from R.*

MRS. F. Jupiter, go right out in the yard and see if you can find my little dog Socrates.

WISE. Hello, Jupiter. Here I am home again. Shay, Jupe, go out and buy me a bottle of champagne. Buy two bottles. Buy a dozen bottles.

JUPITER. Well, I'll be dog-goned.

ZOIE. Come, John dear. You are not yourself this morning. (*At R.*)

MRS. F. Oh, I am so worried about my dear little doggie. He's all alone in a strange town. Go right away, Jupiter.

JUPITER. Yes, ma'am, I'm on my way.

WISE. And don't forget the champagne, Jupiter.

JUPITER. Forget it? Say, Mistah Professor, dat's one thing dat I'll remember to my dying day.

ZOIE. Come, John, you'd better have a Turkish bath.

WISE. Yes, my lamb, I'm coming. (*Exit R. with ZOIE.*)

MRS. F. Have a thorough search made for Socrates at once. Then clean up this room. I never saw anything like it. Oh, would that I had never seen that horrid professor's face. Would that I had never seen his face. (*Exits R. weeping.*)

JUPITER (*looks after her*). Well, I'll be dog-goned. Here's old Mis' Clark dat I knowed up in Cleveland done married to de professor. An' the Lawd only knows what become ob her other husband. She fed him some lobster salad one afternoon and den, good-night! Nobody eber heard tell ob dat man again. Mighty scandalous, mighty scandalous!

*Enter BILLY from L. with a dog on chain.*

BILLY. Hello, Jupe. Say, did you lose a dog?

JUPITER. Is dat dere young hippopotamus our little pet dog Socrates.

BILLY. This is the dog the professor was leading.

JUPITER. Well, den he's ours. He belongs to our bride.

BILLY. They say she's a dream all right.

JUPITER. Looks more like a nightmare to me. He married old Mis' Clark dat I used to know up in Cleveland. She brung another woman with her. Dog-goned if dis yere whole house ain't full ob women.

BILLY. What'll I do with the dog?

JUPITER. Jest hold him, jest hold him. And hold him tight I don't like de way he looks at me. Seems like he's just yearning for a piece ob dark meat. I'll send the lady to you.

BILLY. No, you take him.

JUPITER (*retreating to R.*). No, sah, no, sah. I got to carry dis step-ladder. Hold him tight. You'll git a reward. (*Exit R. with ladder.*)

BILLY. Poor old professor. He's probably married a woman old enough to be his mother.

*Enter MRS. FORD from R.*

MRS. F. Ah, my little Socrates! Come to mother, precious; come to mother.

BILLY. Mrs. Dean!

MRS. F. Billy Blake! What are you doing here?

BILLY. I'm a senior here at college. How's Zoie?

MRS. F. Oh, Zoie's all right. She's here with me.

BILLY. Is she? Great! I suppose you've heard about Uncle Andy dying and leaving me all his money? You can't object to me now. I was going to drop over to Dayton and surprise you next week. Can I see Zoie?

MRS. F. Of course. So your Uncle Andy is dead, is he? I'm so glad. I mean, I'm so glad he left you all his money. Come, Socrates, mother's precious. I'll send Zoie to you. Just wait here. (*Exit R.*)

BILLY. So Mrs. Dean has hooked onto the innocent professor, has she? It's too bad. Why, she's old enough to be his mother. I wonder whatever became of Mr. Dean. Queer case. Ate some lobster salad one afternoon and never was heard of since. Everybody in Dayton was talk-

ing about Mrs. Dean, but Zoie was an angel, and to think she's here with her mother. Some girl, Zoie, some sweet damson plum. (*Seated down L.*)

*Enter ZOIE from R. She comes behind him and puts her hands over his eyes.*

ZOIE. Who is it?

BILLY. Zoie! (*Rises, takes both her hands.*) Zoie, my, but I'm glad to see you. (*Starts to embrace her.*)

ZOIE (*dodging him*). Now, Billy. I won't allow that.

BILLY. You didn't use to be so particular in Dayton.

ZOIE. But we're not in Dayton any longer. You went away and forgot all about me.

BILLY. I guess you know why I went away. Your mother thought I wasn't rich enough for her daughter. Then I went to see your father, but he had disappeared.

ZOIE. Yes, poor father. He was always disappearing.

BILLY. Then I saw Mrs. Dean again, but she said, "You get," and I got.

ZOIE. You weren't very brave, Billy.

BILLY. Who could be brave with your mother? But everything's all right now, Zoie. My Uncle Andy is dead and has left me all his fortune.

ZOIE. Oh, Billy. (*Holds out her hands. He takes them.*) You dear!

BILLY. And you still care for me?

WISE (*outside R.*). Zoie, Zoie, come here.

ZOIE (*alarmed*). It's the professor. I had forgotten all about the professor.

WISE (*outside R.*). Come here and get this blamed dog. He's chewing a hole in my Sunday trousers.

ZOIE. Yes, John. Excuse me, Billy. Wait here a moment; I'll be right back. Business before pleasure. (*Exit R.*)

BILLY. It's a wonder he wouldn't call his wife to wait on him instead of Zoie. Poor Johnny Wise. It's pretty tough on the professor to have married an old lady like Mrs. Dean. Heavens, he must have been hypnotized.

*Enter WISE from R. with towel bound round his head.*

*He is weak and totters slightly, but all signs of intoxication have vanished.*

WISE (*goes to table, throws flowers from vase; drinks water from vase with great satisfaction.*) Oh, that's just what I wanted.

BILLY (*slaps him on back, PROFESSOR collapses.*) Hello, prof.

WISE. Great heavens, I thought it was my wife.

BILLY. I just dropped in to bid you welcome home. You and your bonnie little bride.

WISE. Thank you, Billy. Say, she's all right, isn't she? I don't see how a sweet young thing like her ever married a slow old fogy like me.

BILLY. Sweet, young thing! She's all of that and then some. I used to know her in Dayton. Her name was Dean then. She owned a moving-picture theater.

WISE. Dean? Oh, no. Her name was Ford. I met her in Niagara during the holidays. Case of love at first sight. Met her on Friday, proposed the next Friday and married her today.

BILLY. And today is Friday. Friday the thirteenth.

WISE. We were married this morning. It was very romantic.

BILLY. Her former husband used to be quite a friend of my uncle.

WISE (*horrified*). Her former husband?

BILLY. Sure. Adolphus Dean. He disappeared very mysteriously. It seems that the business was going to the dogs, creditors were hounding him. So one afternoon he disappeared.

WISE. Surely you are mistaken. My wife has never been married before.

BILLY. Oh, yes she has. I was talking to her just a moment ago. She has a charming daughter. One of the most charming girls I ever met.

WISE. A daughter? My wife has a daughter?

BILLY. Of course, she has a daughter. Didn't you know it? Maybe your wife has been passing her off as a sister.

WISE. Oh, Billy, I am getting so confused. I'm not very well today. I had the toothache and a drummer gave me some medicine on the Pullman. I've had the queerest sensations ever since I took that medicine.

BILLY. Professor, I don't want to alarm you needlessly, but the people in Dayton had grave suspicions about your wife. In fact it was rumored that she did away with her husband.

WISE (*frightened*). Did away with him? What do you mean? (*Nervously goes to BILLY and grasps his arm.*) What do you mean—did away with him?

BILLY. Oh, nothing. She gave him some lobster salad one day, and no one ever heard of Adolphus Dean from that day to this. (*Laughs.*) I guess it's all a fairy tale. Only, if I were you I wouldn't eat any of her lobster salad. But her daughter is the sweetest girl—

WISE. Say, how old is the daughter?

BILLY. I should say about twenty.

WISE. Great heavens! How old is my wife?

BILLY. That's what many a man would like to know. She must be—(*thinks*) well, let me see—

WISE. Yes, yes!

BILLY. Well, if her daughter is twenty, she must be—(*pause*) she must be at least twenty-one. (*College bell rings.*) Oh, there's the bell. I've got a class in history. See you later, professor. I'll come back for lunch. Thank you. Oh, no; I've no other engagement. You see your daughter has made a big hit with me. See you in about half an hour. (*Exits L.*)

WISE. My daughter has made a big hit with him? My daughter? The boy must be crazy. I was only married at seven o'clock this morning. I haven't got a daughter. And then that lobster salad story. Bah! Billy's trying to play one of his practical jokes on me.

*Enter MRS. FORD from R.*

MRS. F. Oh, there you are!

WISE. Yes, here I am.

MRS. F. Professor, this will never do; this will never

do. You must discharge your cook at once. She doesn't even know how to broil a beefsteak. And I never saw such a kitchen. You must discharge her at once.

WISE. But how can we eat?

MRS. F. Leave it to me. Tomorrow I'll get you a cook. This afternoon I'll give you a sample of my own culinary art. I have it! I'll make you a nice lobster salad?

WISE (*jumps*). Lobster salad?

MRS. F. Yes. Aren't you fond of lobster salad?

WISE. No, madam, I never eat lobster salad. I never allow a lobster salad in my house. I never taste lobster salad. I won't have it. You shan't do it.

MRS. F. Mercy! Don't get excited. I'll make the salad and Zoie and I will eat it. But you just wait till you taste it. Then you'll change your mind. One taste will be enough—

WISE. I won't taste it. One taste will probably be too much. Oh, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Iona Ford, I never thought it of you. Where is my wife's other husband? Where is he, I say?

MRS. F. (*retreating before him*). Your wife's other husband? What do you mean?

WISE (*walking faster toward her, she retreating around stage*). And where is my wife's daughter? Her twenty-year-old daughter?

MRS. F. (*very much alarmed*). Heavens, the man is mad! Zoie has married a lunatic.

WISE. She poisoned her other husband and now you are trying to poison me.

MRS. F. Help! Help! Murder! (*Runs out R.*)

*Enter JUPITER, running on from R.*

JUPITER. Yas'm, what is it? Does you want me, Mis' Clark?

WISE. Mrs. Clark? What do you mean by Mrs. Clark? (*To JUPITER.*) Who is Mrs. Clark?

JUPITER. Your wife is Mrs. Clark; dat's who it is. I used to know her up in Cleveland. Her name was Mis' Clark in dose days.



WISE. Oh, it was? Are you sure it wasn't Dean?

JUPITER. No, sah; it was Clark. I used to work for her husband.

WISE. What! You worked for my wife's husband? In a moving-picture show?

JUPITER. Yas, sir. He disappeared one afternoon, ate some salad and nobody eber heard tell of Mistah Clark no more.

WISE. What kind of salad? Lobster?

JUPITER. Yas, sir. Dat's it. It all came out in de newspapers.

WISE. And what became of Mrs. Dean?

JUPITER. I ain't *know* no Mis' Dean. Her name was Clark. I was talking to her a little while ago. Yas, sir; her and her daughter, too.

WISE. I wonder how many husbands my wife has had? And how many daughters? Great heavens, what am I up against? (JUPITER starts to door L.) Where are you going?

JUPITER. Going to get dat champagne before you forgets dat you ordered it.

WISE. Very well. Bring a case.

JUPITER. Yas, sir. I'm gone.

WISE. And hurry.

JUPITER. I'll go so fast dat I won't hear myself run. (*Exit slowly at L.*)

WISE. Fool that I was to marry a girl I had known only for a few weeks. Married to Dean in Dayton and to Clark in Cleveland. Great heavens, and she acts so young and innocent. I wonder what happened to Dean and Clark? She must be a modern Lucrezia Borgia. I'd better pack my grips and make a mysterious disappearance myself. (*Starts to R.*)

*Enter ZOIE from R. with dog on chain.*

ZOIE. Oh, John, I want you to take Socrates out for his morning airing. Poor little, delicate doggie hasn't had a breath of fresh air for over an hour.

WISE. Yes, my love. I was just thinking of that very thing.

ZOIE. You know you are to take Socrates out for an airing every two hours.

WISE. What?

ZOIE. Yes, indeed. He's such a delicate dear, it's what the doctor ordered.

WISE (*takes dog and starts to L., turns*). By the way, my dear, did you ever know a man in Dayton named Dean—Adolphus Dean?

ZOIE (*confused*). Why—er—er—I don't think so. I knew so many people in Dayton, but I don't recall that name.

WISE. Oh, nothing at all. Nothing of importance. Probably you used to know Mr. Clark of Cleveland?

ZOIE. John, that's unkind. There are some things that should never be mentioned. Some things are too sad to recollect. Surely you won't make me sad on our wedding day?

WISE. There, there, Zoie; it was all a jest. Come, dear, do you know you haven't even given me a kiss since we were married.

*He starts to embrace her. Enter MRS. F. from R.*

MRS. F. Zoie, what are you doing?

ZOIE. Why, nothing at all, mamma.

MRS. F. We have no time for billing and cooing. I never saw such a house. I have just discharged the cook.

WISE (*blustering*). Discharged my cook? Madam, I want you to understand that I am master here. I won't have any interference.

MRS. F. Oh, hear him. Listen to the man. John Wise, I think you are still under the influence of that toothache medicine. Zoie, I fear your husband is mentally unbalanced.

WISE. But, Mrs. Ford—

MRS. F. Don't argue with me. I won't have it.

WISE (*starts to speak*).

MRS. F. Not a word. Take Socrates for a walk on the campus.

WISE. Madam, I—

ZOIE. Oh, John, don't quarrel with mamma on our wedding day.

WISE (*raises fists*). Thunderation! (*Calmly.*) Come, Socrates, we'll take a little walk down by the river and I'll throw you in. (*Exit L.*)

MRS. F. Zoie, that man is a lunatic. He said you had been married before and wanted to know where your daughter was.

ZOIE (*alarmed*). Oh, mamma!

MRS. F. That's what comes of marrying a man you've only known three weeks.

ZOIE. Now, mamma, you insisted on the wedding. It was all your fault.

MRS. F. I thought it was going to be a good match, but I fear I have made an awful mistake. Oh, if you had only married Billy Blake. His Uncle Andy has left him all his money.

ZOIE. Yes, I know. But it's too late now.

MRS. F. Is it? Are you sure?

ZOIE. What do you mean?

MRS. F. Does Billy Blake still care for you?

ZOIE (*bashfully hangs head*). I think he does, mamma.

MRS. F. And you still care for him?

ZOIE. I think I do, mamma.

MRS. F. And he's worth fifty thousand at least.

ZOIE. But I'm married, now. What would the professor say?

MRS. F. I tell you the professor is crazy. I am sure of it. Have you unpacked your things?

ZOIE. Not yet. I haven't had time.

MRS. F. Don't do it. Here, take down those signs and shoes and things. (*They remove decorations while talking.*) Maybe I can secure a separation. I'm sure the professor is mentally unsound. Just think how he acted on the cars.

ZOIE. He had the toothache.

MRS. F. I don't believe it. Zoie, you're married to a monomaniac. He drinks and raves about your other hus-

bands and your daughters. We must leave this house at once.

ZOIE. But I haven't had a thing to eat since breakfast.

MRS. F. And I've discharged the cook. I'll go to the kitchen and prepare a meal. You go to your room and pack everything you can find.

ZOIE. But, mamma—

MRS. F. Don't but me. Leave everything to me. I'm a woman of experience. Come. (*Exits R., carrying shoes, signs, etc.*)

ZOIE. I don't know what to do. Oh, I wish I'd never left Niagara Falls. I'm perfectly miserable. (*Cries.*)

*Enter BILLY, followed by ROSALIND from L.*

BILLY. Hello, Zoie.

ZOIE (*brightening visibly*). Billy!

BILLY. I want you to meet Miss Wilson. She's our college reporter.

ROSALIND. How do you do. So glad to welcome you to our little college town.

ZOIE. Thank you. (*Crosses to R.*) I'll find mamma. Excuse me. (*Exits R.*)

BILLY. Ain't she a little queen? I used to know her in Dayton.

ROSALIND. She's a darling. It's a wonder the professor didn't marry her instead of the mother.

BILLY. Awful thought. He's too old for Zoie.

ROSALIND. But isn't he too young for the mother?

BILLY. Oh, I don't know. The mother is a very determined woman. And if she once sets her cap for a man, it's good-night nurse. I think Zoie is about the cutest thing I've ever met.

ROSALIND. Why, Billy, that sounds like a case.

*Enter ZOIE from R.*

ZOIE. Mamma will be in presently.

BILLY. Zoie, I want to take you for a little walk on the campus. We've got some dandy views. They've got a Lover's Lane here that's shady for two miles.

ZOIE. But, Billy, I can't go now.

ROSALIND. Oh, yes, you can. I'll excuse you. I really came to call on your mother.

ZOIE (*gets hat, etc.*). All right. Mamma is coming.

BILLY. Come on. Gee, but I'm glad to see you again.

ZOIE. Just make yourself at home, Miss Wilson. (*Exit L. with BILLY.*)

ROSALIND (*looks around*). I see the bride has removed the decorations.

*Enter MRS. FORD from R.*

MRS. F. How do you do.

ROSALIND (*in surprise*). Mrs. Smith!

MRS. F. Miss Wilson! I had no idea you were here at college.

ROSALIND. This is a surprise. When did you leave Springfield?

MRS. F. I haven't been in Springfield for a year. I went to join my daughter at Niagara Falls. After the sad disappearance of Mr. Dean—I mean Mr. Smith—I lost all interest in Springfield. Zoie had a good position at Niagara Falls and so I joined her.

ROSALIND. And have you ever heard anything from Mr. Smith?

MRS. F. Not a word. Since that fatal afternoon at the picture theater, I have never laid eyes on my husband. Poor, poor Socrates. He wasn't an ideal man, Miss Wilson, but he had his good points. He never drank a drop.

ROSALIND. I got quite a story from his disappearance. I was a reporter on the *Sun*, you know. Of course, that lobster salad theory was all rubbish.

MRS. F. Oh, I didn't mind. It was a good advertisement for the theater. Folks thought I poisoned Mr. Smith (*Laughs.*) Perfectly absurd, wasn't it?

ROSALIND (*laughs*). Perfectly ridiculous.

MRS. F. But for two months after he disappeared business was great. We had a packed house at every performance.

ROSALIND. Yes, I'm sure you did.

MRS. F. And to think of meeting you here. (*Sniffs.*)  
What is that?

ROSALIND. It smells like something burning.

MRS. F. Heavens! I left two pies in the oven. I discharged the cook this morning. Excuse me. (*Runs out R.*)

ROSALIND. So Professor Wise has married the widow of the mysterious Mr. Smith. How absurd.

*Enter WISE from L.*

WISE. I took little Socrates out on the pier and dropped him in the lake. It's good night, little Socrates.

ROSALIND. Good morning.

WISE. Why, Miss Wilson, how do you do.

ROSALIND. I just called to get a little story for the paper. It turned out that your wife and I were old acquaintances.

WISE. Indeed?

ROSALIND. Yes, I used to know her in Springfield. She was a Mrs. Smith.

WISE (*jumps up*). Smith? Did you say Smith?

ROSALIND. Yes, she and Mr. Smith ran a moving-picture show.

WISE. Wasn't the name Clark? Or Dean?

ROSALIND. Oh, no. It was Smith.

WISE (*timidly*). And what became of Mr. Smith?

ROSALIND (*hesitates*). Why—er—he went away.

WISE. Disappeared mysteriously?

ROSALIND. I believe he did.

WISE. After eating a dinner?

ROSALIND. That was the report. But of course there was nothing in it.

WISE. I'm not so sure. Let me see. It was chicken salad they had, wasn't it?

ROSALIND. No, lobster.

WISE (*wildly*). Help! Help! I knew it; I knew it!

ROSALIND (*alarmed*). What is it? What has happened? You are ill.

WISE. Oh, no. Nothing at all. I never was better in

my life. Just a little excited; that's all. I'm always excited on my wedding day.

ROSALIND. You'd better see the doctor. Well, I must be going.

WISE (*grasps her wrist*). Don't go yet. Tell me more about Mr. Clark.

ROSALIND. Clark?

WISE. No, I mean Dean—I mean Ford—I mean Smith. I don't know what I *do* mean.

ROSALIND (*edges toward door L., very much alarmed*). Oh, professor, you are acting so strangely.

WISE. Don't leave me here. I don't want to be murdered. Send for the police. Get a detective. Don't leave me.

ROSALIND. Great heavens! (*Exit L.*)

WISE. I can see my finish. I'll telephone to the police station. I have married a human man-eater. She has been married to every name in the telephone book. (*Sinks in chair at L.*) And I thought this was going to be the happiest day in my life.

*Enter MRS. FORD from R.*

MRS. F. (*looks around*). Why, where is Miss Wilson?

WISE. Gone. She has been telling me some of the family secrets.

MRS. F. Indeed? Well, she had little to do.

WISE. She added another to my wife's long list of husbands.

MRS. F. Perfectly absurd. Why, she never knew your wife. Zoie was in Niagara when I was in Springfield. But where is Socrates?

WISE. I think Socrates is having a visit with the mermaids.

MRS. F. My darling doggie! What has become of him?

WISE. He fell off the pier into the lake.

MRS. F. Why didn't you jump in after him?

WISE. Not me. I can't swim.

MRS. F. (*tearfully*). Neither can Socrates.

WISE. Thank heavens!

MRS. F. Oh, you brute. I believe you drowned him on purpose. I wish I had never laid eyes on you.

WISE. And so do I.

MRS. F. It was a sorry day when Zoie saw you.

WISE. Yes; a sorry day for me.

MRS. F. Oh, listen to him. We'll leave your house. We'll get a divorce.

WISE. Go as far as you like. Then she can go back to one of her other husbands. And her daughter. Billy Blake says she has a daughter.

MRS. F. Oh, I'll not listen to you! (*Crosses to door at R.*) I'll pack my things and take the first train for Reno. Oh you villain; you dense, deep, double-dyed villain. (*Exit R.*)

WISE. Well, I hope I can get rid of her as easy as I did the dog. Maybe I could drop her off the pier.

*Enter JUPITER from L., carrying basket and leading wet dog.*

JUPITER. Here he is, boss. Here's your little dog. I found him.

WISE. What? And the dog came back.

JUPITER. Ain't you goin' to give me a reward?

WISE. I'd like to break your head.

JUPITER. Well, I'll be dog-goned.

WISE. I have it. Take little Socrates out and tie him to that tree in the front yard and then get me my gun.

JUPITER. But, say, boss, old Mis' Clark jest naturally analyses dis yere dog. He was named after your wife's first husband.

WISE. He was? That settles Socrates' hash. Fido, you're going to be a hot dog soon. Do as I told you.

JUPITER (*sets basket down*). Yes, sir. Here's de champagne, boss.

WISE. Never mind that. Tie the dog to the tree.

JUPITER. Yes, sah. I'se a goin'.

WISE. Well, hurry up. Get out.

JUPITER. Yes, sah. (*Exit L. with dog.*)



WISE. (*takes bottle of champagne from basket*). Ah, ha! That looks good. I have often heard about champagne, but now I mean to taste it for the first time in my life.

*Enter JUPITER from L.*

JUPITER. I got him tied.

WISE. Now get the gun. It's in the attic.

JUPITER. Well, I'll be dog-goned. (*Exit R.*)

WISE. I need a little stimulant to steady my nerves. (*With bottle.*) I wonder how you open it.

*Enter JUPITER from R. with gun.*

JUPITER. Here she is, boss. (*Gives gun to WISE.*)

WISE. Now you open this bottle of champagne.

JUPITER. Is we going to hab some champagne? Well, I'll be dog-goned.

WISE (*at window, levels gun out of window*). Now, good night, Socrates. (*Fires gun, yelps of a dog heard outside L.*)

*Enter MRS. FORD with picture in frame. JUPITER opens bottle with loud report. It fizzes over everything. He puts hand over it and tries to stop it, then falls on floor at L., trying to stop fizzing. Finally puts bottle to mouth and drinks it.*

MRS. F. (*as she enters, screams*). Oh, you've killed my doggie! (*Slaps picture over WISE's head, the frame hangs about his neck. MRS. FORD faints down R. with a loud scream.*)

*Enter BILLY and ZOEIE from L. leading dog.*

BILLY. It never touched him. (*Hands dog to WISE.*)

TABLEAU AND QUICK CURTAIN.

SECOND CURTAIN. *All hold same position.*

THIRD CURTAIN. *All bow to audience and to each other.*

FOURTH CURTAIN. WISE discovered alone with dog, pummeling him.

## ACT II.

SCENE: *Same as Act I.* PROFESSOR WISE *discovered seated down L. with his head buried in his arms on table. Two glasses of champagne on table.*

*Music, "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," or similar lively air to take up the curtain.*

*Lights on full throughout the act.*

*Enter BILLY from L., followed by ZOIE.*

BILLY. Here's the professor now.

WISE. Ah, Billy, is that you? So you have become acquainted with Zoie?

BILLY. Oh, yes; I've known Zoie for years.

ZOIE. Yes, we're old friends, John. Billy is going to stay for lunch.

WISE. Of course. I'm glad you've met an old friend. (To BILLY.) You knew Clark, too, didn't you? Or was it Dean?

BILLY. Of course. Poor Mr. Dean!

ZOIE. Now, Billy, you promised me you wouldn't recall those painful scenes. John, don't you worry about it. I'll explain everything to you sometime.

WISE. Yes, you will!

ZOIE. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll help mamma in the kitchen. She has discharged the cook. John will entertain you, Billy. (*Exit R.*)

WISE. How long have you known my wife?

BILLY. Oh, for about four years. Say, professor, how would you like to have me for a son-in-law?

WISE. A son-in-law? What are you talking about?

BILLY. Well, if I married your daughter I'd be your son-in-law, wouldn't I?

WISE. But I haven't got a daughter. I was only married at 7 o'clock this morning.

BILLY. I mean your wife's daughter. I want to marry your wife's daughter.

WISE. Zoie hasn't got a daughter. What are you talking about?

BILLY. I mean Zoie. I want to marry Zoie. You haven't any objections, have you?

WISE. Have I? Well, yes, I rather think I have. This isn't Salt Lake, you know. Zoie can't have two husbands.

BILLY. Two husbands? Why, she isn't married, is she?

WISE. Yes, I rather think she is. In fact, I'm sure of it.

BILLY (*hotly*). Show me the villain who has dared to take my Zoie away from me. Where is he? That's all I want to know. Where is he? I'll rend him limb from limb.

WISE. Now, don't do that, Billy. He mightn't like it. Besides, he is a friend of yours.

BILLY. A friend of mine? Who is it?

WISE. Keep calm, Billy. Don't get excited. Zoie's husband is here—here in this house.

BILLY. Where is he? Just let me at him—that's all.

WISE. Well, in fact—er—that is, I married Zoie this morning.

BILLY. You? You Mormon! Did you marry Zoie and her mother both at the same time?

WISE. Not that I was aware of. I married Zoie. Her mother is simply our chaperone.

BILLY. You!

WISE. Certainly.

BILLY. But I have loved Zoie for years and years.

WISE. You should have proposed to her, then.

BILLY. I never got a chance. The old woman wouldn't stand for me. And to think she is married to you. (*Shakes hands sadly.*) Well, it's tough, old man; it's tough.

WISE. Yes, I'm beginning to think it is.

BILLY. I suppose I'll go to the dogs now, or jump off the pier.

WISE. Yes, that's where Socrates went.

BILLY. All my dream of happiness is over.

WISE. Wait a minute. I have a remedy.

BILLY. What is it?

WISE. The very thing. You must get married, too.

BILLY. To Zoie.

WISE. No. To someone else. There was a charming young girl came up on the train with us this morning. A perfect little beauty. She was with an elderly gentleman, probably her father. And she had the sweetest, shy little way with her. I suppose she is a new student.

BILLY. No, professor. No one else can fill Zoie's place. (*Takes his hand.*) I am going away from here—far, far away from these painful memories; but I would like to ask one last favor of you. I would like to have something of Zoie's for a souvenir—something that she loved—something—

WISE (*suddenly*). I have it. Take her mother.

BILLY. Oh, I couldn't deprive you of your chaperone. But I must go.

WISE. Aren't you going to stay for lunch?

BILLY. No, it would be too painful. Farewell, professor. You have won a lucky prize. Farewell, forever. (*Exits L.*)

WISE. What a horrible flirt my wife must be. Not content with having three or four husbands in different parts of the world, but she must break the heart of Billy Blake. Oh, why did I ever take it into my head to visit Niagara Falls? I'd give every cent I possess to be a bachelor again.

*Enter DOCTOR GRAHAM from L., followed by JUNE. The Doctor is a gentle mannered, kindly man of fifty-four and JUNE is a timid ingenue with downcast eyes and simple, quiet manner.*

GRAHAM. I beg your pardon, sir, but I was told that I would find Professor Wise here.

WISE (*at R., comes forward with outstretched hand*). I am Professor Wise.

GRAHAM. My name is Graham. Doctor Matthew Graham. This is my only child. Her name is June.

WISE (*bows delightedly*). How do you do.

JUNE (*nods bashfully, standing at L.*).

WISE. I believe I saw you in the coach this morning.

We came up on the same train. (*Shakes hands with GRAHAM warmly, looking at JUNE.*)

GRAHAM (*steps so that WISE cannot see JUNE, but she leans to one side and he to other, looking at each other. WISE crosses to her and shakes her hand warmly.*) Hem! (*Clears throat.*) My daughter is going to enter college. (*Crosses to R.*)

WISE. Delighted, I'm sure. Glad to welcome you to college.

JUNE (*with downcast eyes*). Thank you, sir. You are very kind.

WISE (*to audience*). She is simply irresistible. (*To GRAHAM.*) I beg your pardon, but may I ask you a question?

GRAHAM (*rather surprised*). Certainly.

WISE. Your only child I believe you said?

GRAHAM. Yes, June is all I have left to me now.

WISE. Single?

GRAHAM. Quite. I mean, yes, she is single.

WISE. Would you have any objections to her receiving the attentions of a very desirable young man?

GRAHAM. Not at all. It is the dearest wish of my heart to see June happily married.

WISE. Her name is June?

GRAHAM. Yes. June Graham.

WISE. June Graham, the essence of poetry.

GRAHAM. We are rather old-fashioned, June and I, and I have rather a poor country practice. But I love it and have no other ambition than to love and serve my people. But I have a great ambition for June. I want her to have advantages that I fear I shall never be able to give her. She would make an excellent wife. She is kind, affectionate and very modest.

JUNE. Oh, father!

GRAHAM. In short, I think she would just suit you.

WISE. Suit me? Yes, I'm sure she would. But I'm not the party. You see I am married already. It was for a young friend of mine I am inquiring. He has a broken heart.

JUNE (*sympathetically*). Oh!

GRAHAM. Not you? I am sorry.

WISE. Yes, so am I. Say, why didn't you come to town last month?

GRAHAM. The college wasn't open then. I merely stopped in to ask you when you would be in your office?

WISE. Tomorrow at eight. I hope I'll see you again.

JUNE. Oh, I hope so!

GRAHAM. We'd better go, dear.

WISE. Wait. Let me get you some flowers before you go.

GRAHAM. No, thank you. It would be too much trouble. Come, June.

JUNE (*who has been staring at WISE, startled*). Yes, father.

GRAHAM. Good day, professor.

WISE. Good day, sir.

JUNE. Good bye. I hope I'll be in your classes.

WISE. So do I. Tomorrow at eight. Good bye.

GRAHAM. Come, June. (*At door L.*) Good bye. (*Exit with JUNE at L.*)

WISE. What a charming girl. Oh, if I had only met her yesterday. When she said "Good bye" it was like the note of a wild bird in a cherry tree. June—June Graham. (*Long sigh.*) But it's too late now; it's too late now.

*Enter MRS. FORD from R.*

MRS. F. At last the poor darling is asleep.

WISE. Who? Zoie? What's she asleep for?

MRS. F. I was referring to Socrates, my darling doggie. I gave him a mustard bath, wrapped him up in your dressing gown and put him to sleep in your bed.

WISE. What! Madam, I object. Why, I'll be full of fleas.

MRS. F. After the way you have treated him nothing is too bad for you.

WISE. I want you to distinctly understand that I am going to be the master of my own house.

MRS. F. Your house? Bah! Nothing is yours now. You forget you are a married man.

WISE. No, you never let me forget that. Ah, would I had never seen Niagara Falls.

MRS. F. You brute. And my daughter Zoie could have had her pick of a dozen men.

WISE. I think she did.

MRS. F. Billy Blake is head over heels in love with her. And *he* is worth fifty thousand dollars.

WISE. It's a pity she didn't meet him before.

MRS. F. Perhaps it is not too late yet. (*Crosses to door at R.*) Perhaps it is not too late yet. (*Exit R.*)

WISE (*at C.*). I wonder if she intends to murder me. (*Takes glass of champagne from table, drinks.*) Three husbands and each one disappeared mysteriously. And now the old woman says perhaps it is not too late yet. Great heavens! I'm beginning to see my finish. (*Pours another glass and drinks.*) Lobster salad! One reads about horrible things like that in the detective stories.

*Enter ZOIE wearing neat cooking apron and cap.*

ZOIE. Where's Billy?

WISE. He's gone. Couldn't stay for lunch. Had a most pressing engagement.

ZOIE. Oh, I'm so sorry. Billy and I used to be real old-time friends.

WISE. Yes, he told me.

ZOIE. Well, we'll just have a little picked-up lunch, then. If Billy isn't going to be here, we'll just have some lobster salad. I simply adore lobster salad. Don't you?

WISE. Me? I don't know. (*Pleadingly.*) Oh, Zoie, dear Zoie, don't let us have any lobster salad today. I'm so young, and we were only married this morning.

ZOIE. Why, what are you talking about? I'm going to the kitchen. John. I want to put the finishing stroke to the salad myself.

WISE (*horrificed*). The finishing stroke? Good night, John. (*Drinks.*)

ZOIE. I'll show you what kind of a cook I am.  
(*Exit R.*)

WISE. Horrible, horrible. I'd better take a walk in the air. My nerves are all unstrung. (*Exit L.*)

WISE *immediately re-enters, takes bottle from table and exits L. Enter MRS. FORD and ZOIE from R.*

MRS. F. (*removing things from table, putting them on floor, etc.*) He certainly is acting most peculiarly. Honestly, Zoie, I believe he is a little crazy. He says such queer things. He says you have a daughter.

ZOIE. I fear we have made an awful mistake, mamma.  
(*Puts white cloth on table.*)

MRS. F. And my lawyer has made inquiries and Professor Wise is not a wealthy man at all. Oh, why didn't you accept Billy Blake?

ZOIE (*arranging plates, etc., on table*). Because you wouldn't let me.

MRS. F. I have a plan. We'll run away from this poverty stricken professor. We'll go to Reno. You can secure a divorce in three weeks.

ZOIE. But what would Billy say?

MRS. F. He'll marry you the moment you are free. And just think of all his Uncle Andy's money.

ZOIE (*arranging table*). I don't care a straw about Uncle Andy's money, but I do like Billy.

MRS. F. (*calling off R.*). Jupiter! Jupiter!

JUPITER (*off R.*). Yas'm. I'm coming.

MRS. F. Bring the salad.

*Enter JUPITER with salad dish, spoon, etc.*

ZOIE. Here, put it down here. (*She is cutting bread in very thick slices.*)

MRS. F. Now open a bottle of champagne.

JUPITER. Champagne? Well, I'll be dog-goned. (*Opens bottle.*)

ZOIE. But where is John? I thought he was here. Jupiter, where is the professor?

JUPITER. He's out' in de front yard taking a walk around the corner.



MRS. F. Well, don't stand there like a stick. Call him in.

JUPITER. Yas'm, dat's jes' what I was going to do.  
(*Exit L.*)

MRS. F. I am sure you would never be contented here in this little place, Zoie. You never were cut out for a professor's wife any more than I was. I always liked to travel from place to place.

ZOIE. Just like my poor father.

MRS. F. Yes, poor, poor Socrates, I wonder where you are today.

ZOIE. Where was he when you last heard from him, mamma?

MRS. F. He ran away from me—for the eighteenth time. He was taking a ship to China. And the ship (*sob*)—the ship (*sob*) went to the bottom. And poor Socrates always was such a poor sailor; he couldn't swim a stroke.

*Enter BILLY from L.*

BILLY. I've come back.

ZOIE. So glad, Billy. The professor said you had an engagement.

BILLY. Stand back! Don't approach me. Oh, Zoie, my heart is broken.

MRS. F. Excuse me, children. I'm getting dinner.  
(*Exit R.*)

ZOIE. Who broke your heart?

BILLY. You did. I have just learned that you are the wife of another.

ZOIE. But you never asked me. You went away—you didn't write—

BILLY. And now it is too late.

ZOIE. Yes, I was married this morning.

BILLY. I am going away. To the wilds of Arizona. I'm going to be a cowboy. Perhaps out there surrounded by Indians and fleas I may forget you.

ZOIE. And do you want to forget me?

BILLY. It's all for the best. You are now Mrs. Wise.

ZOIE. But only for the time being. I'm going to run away.

BILLY. Run away! With whom?

ZOIE. With mamma.

BILLY. Good night!

ZOIE. We're going to Reno. The train leaves in half an hour. Please get me an expressman to take my trunks.

BILLY. You really mean it?

ZOIE. Yes. I never could be happy with the professor. In our case marriage has been a failure.

BILLY. And then I may hope?

ZOIE. Well, not for three weeks.

BILLY. Zoie! (*Tries to embrace her.*)

ZOIE (*struggling*). Not for three weeks.

*Enter WISE from L.*

WISE. Zoie! What's this?

ZOIE. Nothing. That is, it's only Billy.

BILLY. Yes, it's only Billy. You mustn't mind a little thing like this, professor.

WISE. Out of my house. (*Turns to ZOIE.*) As for you, madam—

ZOIE. Don't talk to me like that. You are not my master.

WISE. I'm your husband.

ZOIE. Only for the time being.

BILLY. I'll be back in twenty minutes. Till then (*blows kiss to ZOIE*), adieu! (*Exit L.*)

WISE. Your husband for the time being. You mean that you are going to get rid of me?

ZOIE. Don't get so excited. Sit down and have some salad.

WISE. Lobster salad! That's the last straw.

*Enter MRS. FORD from R. and JUPITER from L.*

MRS. F. (*sits at table facing audience*). Sit down. We'll have a nice little lunch.

ZOIE (*sitting R. of table*). Yes, for goodness sakes don't get excited.

WISE (*sits at L. of table facing ZOIE*). Jupe, pour me out some wine. I need a little stimulant.

JUPITER. Some wine? Well, I'll be dog-goned. (*Waits on table.*)

ZOIE. You must be hungry, John. Mamma, give him a large portion of salad.

WISE. Not me. I can't eat a bite.

ZOIE. But you must eat some salad. I made it expressly for you. (*Hands him a plate.*) This will put an end to all your troubles.

WISE. Yes. This will put an end to me, too. (*To JUPITER.*) Take it away. (*Hands plate to JUPITER, who puts it aside and eats salad from plate.*)

JUPITER. Yas, sir. (*Eats rapidly.*)

WISE (*takes empty plate and pretends to eat, takes large spoonfuls of nothing.*) Aren't we having a pleasant wedding day?

JUPITER (*choking over the salad*). Help, gimme some wine. Dis stuff is full of pepper.

WISE (*runs to him*). Oh, Jupiter, what have you done?

JUPITER. Nothing, boss; jes' took a taste ob de eatings.

WISE. Great heavens!

ZOIE. Sit down, John. (*He does so.*) You're not eating a thing.

WISE. Oh, yes I am. I'm getting on famously.

MRS. F. Have some more salad.

WISE (*jumps up nervously*). Never! You assassin!

MRS. F. (*rising*). What's that?

WISE. You—you—(*chokes*).

MRS. F. He's choking. Quick, Zoie, pat him on the back. (*ZOIE with carving knife in hand approaches WISE.*)

WISE. Don't do it! Get away! I'll let you get a divorce. I'll give you all my money. Help, Jupiter, help!

MRS. F. The man is crazy. We'll all be murdered.

WISE. I swallowed some bones. They went down the wrong way.

ZOIE (*gets glass of wine*). Here, drink this.

WISE (*dashes glass down*). Never! That's poisoned too. You're all trying to murder me.

MRS. F. (*runs to R.*). I'll telephone the doctor. He's suddenly gone crazy. This day has been too much for him.

ZOIE (*with her*). Oh, mamma, I'm afraid.

MRS. F. Come with me.

WISE (*starts toward them. Ladies scream and run out R.*).

JUPITER (*busily eating salad and drinking wine*). Well, I'll be dog-goned.

WISE (*runs to him*). Stop, Jupiter. Don't eat it; don't eat it.

JUPITER. Why not?

WISE. Don't you feel a kind of a—a kind of a—(*rubs stomach*).

JUPITER. Yas, sah. Dat's jest de way I *do* feel.

WISE. Do you feel an internal conflagration?

JUPITER (*hands on stomach*). Yas, sah; dat's jes' de way it feels. (*Cries.*) I thought it was pepper.

WISE. Pepper? It's poison!

JUPITER. Poison?

WISE. You're a dead man.

JUPITER. Good Lawsy, massy me! Is I poisoned sure enough? Oh, de pains; de pains! Where's de doctor? Oh, I'se a dead nigger! I'se a gone coon!

WISE. Quick! There is just one hope for your life. Run, run!

JUPITER. Where's I goin' to run to?

WISE. Run to the drug store. Get an antidote.

JUPITER. Yas, sah. Get a nanny-goat! (*Yells.*) Gimme a nanny-goat; gimme a nanny-goat! (*Exit L. running.*)

*Enter ZOIE and MRS. FORD with hats and wraps.*

MRS. F. Come, Zoie. Hurry.

WISE. Where are you going?

MRS. F. Going? We are going to leave this house forever.

WISE. That suits me. Get out.

ZOIE. Oh, John, I never dreamed that you were a lunatic.

WISE. And I never dreamed that you were an assassin.

ZOIE (*retreats to* MRS. F.). Oh, mamma!

WISE. But you didn't kill me. I'm still alive.

ZOIE (*clinging to* MRS. F.). Oh, he's worse than ever.

WISE. You tried to serve me the way you did all your other husbands.

ZOIE. My other husbands? Oh, mamma!

WISE. Yes, Clark, Smith and Dean. I know all about it. Clark in Cleveland, Smith in Springfield and Dean in Dayton. Each one ate some salad and then they disappeared. Oh, I had a lucky escape.

MRS. F. Some one has been telling you about *me*. I was Mrs. Clark in Cleveland, I was Mrs. Dean in Dayton, and I was Mrs. Smith in Springfield.

WISE. And did you poison all three?

MRS. F. Poison? (*Laughs.*) I guess not. In the first place it was all one man. It was all Socrates Ford.

WISE. Who is he?

MRS. F. My husband.

WISE. Which husband?

MRS. F. Poor Socrates. When business was bad, he'd disappear and start again in another town, and he always took another name. It helped our business.

WISE. And you didn't poison them?

MRS. F. Of course not. That was merely an advertisement for our picture show.

WISE (*holds out arms*). Zoie, I forgive you.

MRS. F. Stop! We're on our way to Reno. We're going to get a divorce.

WISE. But that is my grip you have. Give me my grip.

MRS. F. Go to your room, Zoie, and gather up everything you can find. The train leaves in ten minutes.

WISE (*trying to take grip from* MRS. F.). That belongs to me.

MRS. F. Hurry, Zoie.

ZOIE. Yes, mamma. (*Exit R.*)

MRS. F. (*retains hold on grip, so does* WISE). That's mine. (*The grip opens, shirts, socks, etc., fall out. White crash trousers fall out.*)

WISE (*grasping one leg of trousers*). You shan't take my things.

MRS. F. (*taking other leg*). Everything belongs to your wife. (*Struggle.*)

*Enter ZOIE with dog and grips.*

ZOIE. I have everything, mamma. (*Crosses to L.*)

MRS. F. (*struggling at L. with WISE*). Oh, you brute. You shall pay dearly for this. (*Trousers tear. MRS. F. falls toward C., WISE falls toward R.*)

*Enter JUPITER, whooping, from L.*

JUPITER (*staggers down L. C.*). I couldn't get no nanny-goat, but I got some old crow, and I don't care if I am poisoned. (*Yells.*)

ZOIE. Hurry, mamma, we'll miss the train. I want this, and this, and this. (*Taking bric-à-brac.*)

MRS. F. Take your property. (*Raises grip and showers WISE with shirts, socks, etc.*)

*Enter BILLY from L. with wheelbarrow.*

BILLY. Where's your trunk? (*Wheels barrow under JUPITER, who falls in it.*)

MRS. F. Heavens! I hear the train. Hurry! (*MRS. F. and ZOIE run out L., dropping things.*)

QUICK ACTION AND QUICK CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

*Same as Acts I and II, but two years later. The heavy furniture of the former acts has been replaced by dainty white or wicker furniture. The arrangement of everything is different. Several bowls of pink roses dress the stage, also potted plants, flowers and palms. A bird in a cage hangs in window (not essential): White ruffled curtains at window (if there is a window used). Table down R. is daintily laid for breakfast with white cloth, pink roses, toast rack and all the appointments of a dainty breakfast for two. Dainty crib or cradle down L. containing doll in cap and long clothes. Crib trimmed in pink ribbons. Low easy rocking chair at C. Everything neat and homelike.*

*Lights on full throughout the act.*

PROFESSOR WISE and JUNE discovered seated at table. She wears a dainty house dress and morning cap of pink. He sits at L. of table, his L. profile toward audience. She sits at R. of table facing him. JUPITER discovered seated down L. rocking the cradle or crib and singing.

*Before the curtain rises the orchestra plays "Home, Sweet Home" chorus, slowly and with feeling. Slow curtain. Music stops.*

JUPITER (*singing softly as he rocks cradle*). "Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree top, when the wind blows the cradle will rock, when the bough breaks the cradle will fall, down will come baby, cradle and all." (*Leans over crib.*) Cootchie, cootchie, cootchie.

JUNE (*with coffee cup in her hand*). Is he awake, Jupiter?

JUPITER. No'm, he ain't exactly awake; he's jest kind o' gruntin' in his sleep. (*Looks at crib admiringly.*) Jes' look at dat child. Well, I'll be dog-goned.

JUNE (*rises and comes to C.*). Do you think you can carry him to the nurse without waking him?

JUPITER. Yas'm, I knows I kin.

JUNE (*raises doll carefully, her back to audience*). Hold your arms.

JUPITER (*holds arms*). Yas'm, dat's de time. (*As she puts doll on his arms.*) Well, I'll be dog-goned.

WISE. Carefully, now, Jupe.

JUPITER. Yas, sir. Jest like stepping in a hen roost at two o'clock in de morning. (*Crosses to door R., looks at baby, pauses.*) Well, I'll be dog-goned. (*Exit R.*)

JUNE. Now, big man, I'm going to take you for a little spin in our new car. (*Sits on the arm of his chair.*)

WISE. All right, Bright Eyes. I could refuse you nothing today.

JUNE (*her arm over back of his chair*). You never refuse me anything.

WISE. And are you happy, dear? With a poor old foggy like me?

JUNE. I'm the happiest girl in all America. I wouldn't change places with a queen on a golden throne. But don't you ever think of your first wife?

WISE. Never.

JUNE. Or her mother?

WISE. Don't mention that woman's name to me. I hope she has joined her former husband.

JUNE. Were you happy with her?

WISE. I should say not. She was only here one day and that was the most miserable day of my whole existence.

JUNE. Why did you two disagree?

WISE. Too much mother-in-law. Mrs. Ford was continually coming between us. Thank heavens, your father is a widower.

JUNE. Oh, John, that's unkind.

WISE. And here we are as snug as a couple of bugs in a rug, far from the worries of the world. A little home, a little money, a few books, a few friends, and you! "Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

JUNE. Was your first wife pretty?

WISE. Very.

JUNE (*pouts*). And I'm not, I suppose?



WISE. She couldn't hold a candle to you. You are beautiful.

JUNE. Was she fair?

WISE. No, dark.

JUNE. Tall?

WISE. Yes, six foot twelve.

JUNE (*rises*). Oh, now you're making fun of me. But, come. Let's hitch up the motor car. The woods are calling us. I'll be your little chauffeur. (*Runs to door R.*) Coming?

*Enter JUPITER from R.*

JUPITER. 'Scuse me, ma'am; 'scuse me. Here's some letters dat jest arrived. I thought dey might be important so I had de consumption to deliver dem immediately. (*Hands JUNE two letters.*)

JUNE. Oh, this is papa's writing.

WISE. That will do, Jupe.

JUPITER. Yas, sir. I was jest a goin'. (*Exit R.*)

JUNE (*down L.*). I wonder what father has to say. This one is for you. (*Hands letter to WISE.*)

WISE (*at R. C.*). From Billy Blake. (*Opens letter.*)

JUNE (*reading her letter*). Oh, John, father is coming in on the morning train.

WISE. And Billy Blake is coming in a motor car. We'll have a house full of guests.

JUNE. Who is Billy Blake?

WISE. Oh, he's an old friend of my wife's. I mean, my first wife's.

JUNE. Oh!

WISE. He's been down in Arizona for two years on a ranch. He's very wealthy and quite a fine young fellow.

JUNE. We'll put him in the south room. And father in the front room.

WISE. How is father?

JUNE. He says he never was better in his life. He says that two weeks at Niagara has made a new man of him.

WISE. That's what it once did for me.

JUNE (*looks at watch or clock*). It's nearly time for the train. Come, we'll drive over and meet him.

WISE (*rises*). Wait till I get my hat.

JUNE. Hurry up. (*Runs to door at R.*) I say, Johnny. (*Holds up her face to be kissed. WISE runs toward her. She throws curtains between them and exits R. laughing.*)

WISE. You little witch. (*Exit R.*)

GRAHAM *sticks his head in at L. cautiously.*

GRAHAM. There doesn't seem to be anybody about. (*Enters from L.*) I wonder where my children are, and I wonder what they will say when they learn what I have done. Before John married June he took particular pains to ascertain the fact that he would have no mother-in-law. What will he say when he learns that I have just made him a present of one?

*Enter JUNE, followed by WISE from R.*

JUNE. Why, here is papa. (*Runs to him and kisses him.*)

GRAHAM (*very nervous*). How are you, my children?

WISE (*shaking his hand*). Mighty glad to see you again, Doctor.

JUNE. How is it you never answered our letters?

GRAHAM. Well, I always was a poor letter writer, and then I have been busy, very, very busy. You know how much I love both of you—

JUNE. Of course. But why did you stay so long at Niagara Falls?

GRAHAM. Oh, it was the scenery. The Maid of the Mist, the falls, the rapids, the whirlpools, the spray. But, my children, now you know that I love both of you—

JUNE. You must have left Niagara on the morning train.

GRAHAM. Yes, we got in here about ten o'clock.

JUNE *and* WISE. We? We!

WISE. Then you didn't come alone?

GRAHAM. Yes—no—that is—well, I er—

WISE. Now what's the answer?

GRAHAM. I meant that there was quite a party of us all traveling the same way. So although I had company I was alone. But, June dear, and John dear, you know how dearly I love both of you.

JUNE. Of course we know. And it's so pleasant to have you home again. Just we three. (GRAHAM *very embarrassed*.)

WISE. Yes, just we three. I have often told my little June that in you I felt that I had a father and a friend, so different from having a mother-in-law

GRAHAM (*to audience*). I feel like a criminal. But the blow will have to fall. (*To JUNE*.) June, you know I was very, very lonely at Niagara.

JUNE. You must have been. Poor, dear papa.

GRAHAM. That is, I was lonely at first. Toward the last I wasn't lonely at all.

WISE. You must have got in with some poker players.

GRAHAM. Nothing of the sort. I met a charming lady—a widow.

JUNE *and* WISE. A widow? Oh, papa!

GRAHAM. She was just as lonely as I was.

WISE. Yes, they generally are.

GRAHAM. Well, the deed was done this morning at seven.

JUNE. What? Married?

GRAHAM. Yes, darling, I am married.

WISE. Sir, you have deceived me, grossly deceived me. I thought when I was divorced from my first wife that I had done with a mother-in-law forever, and now you bring another one here in my house. Oh, darn! (*Punches sofa pillow*.)

GRAHAM. Oh, John, she's the dearest little lady possible. So sweet and tender and gentle. Why, she scarcely calls her soul her own, and modest—she's like a violet, a little timid, shrinking violet.

WISE. Well, one thing is certain, she can't be as bad as the other one. (*Telephone bell rings*.)

JUNE. See what it is, John.

WISE (*at telephone*). Hello. (*Pause*.) Yes, this is Pro-

fessor Wise. (*Pause.*) Who is it? What? Not Billy Blake? (*To JUNE.*) It's Billy, dear; he's just arrived. (*In phone.*) Well, come right over to the house. We're expecting you. (*Pause.*) You can't. Why not? Stuck in the mud? Two miles out of town. (*Pause.*) All right. I'll come out and tow you in. Good bye. (*To JUNE.*) He's stalled in the mud. I'll go and get him.

JUNE. Yes, go at once. (*To GRAHAM.*) But where is your bride, father?

GRAHAM. They're out there in a cab.

WISE. They? *They?* What have you done? Invested in a harem? Oh, this is too much. (*Exit L.*)

JUNE. What do you mean by they, father?

GRAHAM. I'll call them in and you can see for yourself. (*Timidly.*) You're not angry, are you, dear? Just think how lonely I have been ever since John took my little girl away from me.

JUNE. There was no need for it at all. But I suppose I must make the best of it. Call them in by all means. I suppose you have married a widow with seven or eight children.

GRAHAM. Oh, not as bad as that, dear. Excuse me. You wait here. (*Exit R.*)

JUNE. Well, they shan't live with us, at any rate. John and I never will allow that.

*Enter GRAHAM with ZOIE from R.*

GRAHAM (*to ZOIE*). This is my daughter, Zoie. Excuse me a moment. (*Exit R.*)

JUNE. How do you do.

ZOIE. Very well, thank you.

JUNE (*shakes her hand*). So glad to know you and to bid you welcome to your new home. I was so afraid you would be old and domineering.

ZOIE (*kisses her*). You are a dear.

*Enter GRAHAM from R.*

GRAHAM (*cheerfully*). Ah, I see you two have made friends.

JUNE. Certainly. I was just giving a welcome to my new mamma.

ZOIE. Your mamma? I'm not your mamma?

GRAHAM. No, she's not your mamma. Certainly not. Here's your new mamma.

*Enter MRS. FORD from R. She stands at C. glaring at them.*

ZOIE. Now, mamma, don't make a scene.

JUNE (*to GRAHAM at L.*). Oh, father! (*Buries her face in his shoulder.*)

MRS. F. (*at R. C.*). Matthew! (*Pause.*) Matthew, I say. Introduce our daughter to me. (*Pause—GRAHAM trying to soothe JUNE.*) At once! Did you understand me? At once!

GRAHAM. Yes, my darling. June, this is my wife. (*JUNE refuses to look up.*)

MRS. F. Humph! Nice manners, I must say. Well, she'll soon learn that I am to be mistress here. Zoie, call the servants and have the cook make me a cup of tea. I'm all upset. (*Looks around.*) Seems like I've been in this house before. But these houses in a college town are all so much alike. Zoie!

ZOIE. Yes, mamma.

MRS. F. You'd better take that child to her room. I want to have a talk with the Doctor.

GRAHAM. But, my love—

MRS. F. Zoie, do you hear me? Do I have to speak twice?

ZOIE. No, mamma. (*Crosses to JUNE.*) Come with me, dear. (*Leads JUNE out at L.*)

MRS. F. Now, sir, perhaps you will be good enough to explain your daughter's conduct.

GRAHAM. My dearest Iona, she hasn't got used to you yet. You are an acquired taste, my love. Just like olives. People always like you better after they know your playful little ways. Now, don't worry about June. She'll come around all right. So will her husband—

MRS. F. Her husband? You never told me that your daughter was married.

GRAHAM. Didn't I? Well, I'm always forgetting little things like that. Oh, yes; she's married. This house belongs to them.

MRS. F. To them? I thought you were a wealthy man.

GRAHAM. Well, I've got about \$1,300. And a good country practice. You see, we'll live out on a farm in the country.

MRS. F. A farm? I? Never, sir; never!

GRAHAM. Iona, I have noticed a marked change in you. Only yesterday you were all modesty and smiles and amiability. Today you seem inclined to snub me, and madam, I won't be snubbed.

MRS. F. You have deceived me, sir; deceived me. I thought you were a great catch.

GRAHAM. Well, I am pretty good. You see, when a woman gets to be as old as you are—

MRS. F. Old? That's right. Insult me. I suppose you'll strike me next. Oh, why was I fool enough to marry a country doctor. But, thank heavens, there is a way of escape.

GRAHAM. Escape?

MRS. F. Yes, I'll get a divorce. I'll sue you for alimony. (*Crosses to door at R.*) I'll teach you to deceive a trusting, innocent little female heart. You monster! (*Exit R., followed by GRAHAM.*)

*Enter WISE and BILLY from L.*

WISE. Sit down, Billy, and just make yourself at home. I'll run the car into the garage. (*Exit L.*)

BILLY. All right. (*Sits at L.*) What a change in the professor. (*Looks around.*) And what a change in the old place. (*Picks up paper and reads.*)

*Enter ZOIE from R. carrying baby. She does not see BILLY as he is hidden by paper and she comes down R.*

ZOIE (*to baby*). Ah, sweetums, sweetums.

BILLY (*drops paper, rises*). Zoie!

ZOIE. Billy Blake!

BILLY. I've just returned for you after a trip around the world. And I find you with sweetums. Oh, Zoie, you've broken my heart again (*Starts to exit L.*)

ZOIE (*runs after him*). Billy, wait a moment. Billy.

BILLY. Away, fair, false, perfidious woman. Away! (*Exit L.*)

ZOIE. Oh, he must think I'm still a married woman. I'll see mamma and have her fix things up with Billy. (*Exit R.*)

*Enter JUPITER from R. just as BILLY looks in at L.*

JUPITER (*seeing him*). Well, if dat ain't Mr. Blake. Well, I'll be dog-goned.

*Enter BILLY from L.*

BILLY. Where is she? And where is sweetums?

JUPITER. Where is *who*? Ain't nobody by dat name libs here.

BILLY. I thought Professor Wise's wife had left him.

JUPITER. No, sah, she ain't left. She's in dere. (*Points to R.*)

BILLY. So they're still married.

JUPITER. Yes, sah, I reckon dey is.

BILLY. Whatever became of her mother?

JUPITER. Whose mother?

BILLY. Mrs. Wise's mother.

JUPITER. Oh, she's dead. Yes, sah, no more mother-in-law for de professor.

BILLY. So the old lady is dead, is she? Well, I had a message for her from her husband. I saw him in China and he wanted me to ask her to forgive him and to join him in China. And now she's dead.

*Enter WISE from L.*

WISE. Jupe, tell my wife that Mr. Blake is here.

JUPITER. Yas, sah; dat's jes' what I was goin' to do. (*Exit R.*)

BILLY. I think she knows it. I caught a glimpse of her

a moment ago. You're a lucky man, professor. Are you happy?

WISE. I'm the happiest fellow in America. I wouldn't change places with anyone. And how is it with you? Has your trip around the world helped to bring you happiness?

BILLY. It has not. Zoie is the only woman I ever loved. Zoie is the only woman I ever can love.

WISE. Well, why don't you tell her so?

BILLY (*blankly*). Tell her so? Have I your permission?

WISE. Certainly. You see Zoie and fix it all up. Honest, Billy, I think she still loves you.

BILLY. And you don't object?

WISE. Not at all. Why should I object?

BILLY. And don't you care for her any more?

WISE. Not a bit. I don't care for anyone but June. My darling little June.

BILLY. He must mean sweetums.

WISE. And if you still love Zoie, for heavens sakes take her.

BILLY. I thought you loved your wife.

WISE. I adore her.

BILLY. And so do I?

WISE. What? Say, do you adore all my wives?

BILLY. Professor, you must have had a sunstroke. How many wives have you?

WISE. What are you talking about? Billy, you're not feeling well. You'd better come to your room and lie down.

BILLY. No, I don't want to lie down.

WISE (*taking his arm*). There, there; don't get excited. Come with me. (*Pulls him toward L.*)

BILLY. But I want to see your wife. I love your wife.

WISE. Come along. Poor fellow. That long ride was too much for you. Come along. (*WISE pulls BILLY out at L.*)

*Enter MRS. FORD from R.*

MRS. F. I've stood just about as much as I'm going to. I'm not going to unpack my things. That little simpleton won't speak to me. And the Doctor has basely deceived me



about his finances. This room looks very familiar to me. (*Crosses up to corner and looks at corner ornament, her back to audience.*) I certainly have seen it before.

*Enter WISE from L.*

WISE. Well, I put Billy in his room.

(*MRS. F. turns around facing him. She stands perfectly still. He sees her. Violent fright and terror seize him, staggers back, brushes back his hair, stares, opens and closes his eyes, counts his fingers, takes pin from coat, sticks it in his knee, drives it home with fist, turns head, falls on chair, covers head with cushion, tries to climb over crib, seizes opera glasses, looks at her, reverses glasses, looks again, approaches her trembling. She stands immovable. He touches her arm, screams in terror, staggers back, recovers partly.*)

MRS. F. You wretch! You villain!

WISE. I thought it was a nightmare. What are you doing in my house?

MRS. F. Your house? I have a right here. I am your mother-in-law.

WISE. Never! It can't be true.

MRS. F. I married your wife's father at seven o'clock this morning.

WISE (*crosses to R.*). June, June, put on your hat. We're going to take a little trip to Europe.

MRS. F. (*crosses to L. C.*). Go, then, and good riddance to you.

*Enter BILLY from L.*

BILLY. Mrs. Dean! I thought you were dead.

MRS. F. Dead? The idea. (*Looks at WISE.*) But I suppose some people wish I were.

*Enter ZOIE from L.*

ZOIE. Billy, why did you run away from me? (*Crosses to him.*)

BILLY. Because your husband might object to me.

ZOIE. Husband? I haven't any husband.

BILLY. But, professor, I thought you said—

*Enter JUNE with baby from L.*

WISE. Oh, Billy, let me introduce you to my wife.

BILLY. Oh, *that's* your wife, is it?

WISE. Yes. Wife and family.

*Enter GRAHAM from L. with coat, hat and grip. He crosses to door R. and is about to exit.*

JUNE. Papa, where are you going?

GRAHAM. Anywhere to get away from my wife.

MRS. F. Oh, listen to that man. And we were only married at seven this morning.

BILLY. Married? You married! But your husband is still alive.

MRS. F. Not Socrates? Wasn't he drowned?

BILLY. Nothing of the kind. I saw him two months ago in Pekin, China. And he's got money to burn.

MRS. F. My, what a flutter you have caused me.

BILLY. He told me to look you up, and begs you to come over to China.

MRS. F. But I'm married again.

GRAHAM. Nothing of the sort. You might be arrested for bigamy.

MRS. F. Oh, don't arrest me. It was all a mistake.

ZOIE (*at L.*). Billy, why didn't you ever write to me?

BILLY. I was waiting to hear from you. I wouldn't write to you as long as you were Mrs. Wise.

ZOIE. Oh, what a lot of time we've wasted.

BILLY. I'm going back to my ranch in Arizona.

ZOIE. Oh I always wanted to live on a ranch. (*They converse.*)

WISE (*calls off R.*). Jupe, Jupe, where are you?

JUPITER (*puts his head in at R.*). Yas sah; here I is.

WISE. Send over to the hotel and have them send up the best dinner they can arrange. Order for six.

JUPITER. For six? Well, I'll be dog-goned. (*Exit R.*)

JUNE. And everything is turning out lovely after all. Oh, papa, I'm so glad you're not married again.

GRAHAM. Glad? Well, maybe you think I'm not.

MRS. F. (*tosses her head*). And maybe you think I'm not. There's no one who ever took Socrates' place in my heart. He was my first and only love.

BILLY (*at L. with ZOE*). We'll be married tonight, and tomorrow we'll take the Limited for Arizona.

MRS. F. And I'll go with you.

BILLY. Not on your life. Socrates is waiting for you. Remember he is rich. He owns the largest string of moving picture theaters in China.

MRS. F. Then I'll go with him. My first duty is to my dear, dear husband. But how will you ever get along without me?

BILLY. It will be an awful blow, but I think we'll manage.

MRS. F. Well, I want to leave this place at once.

GRAHAM. Just a moment. (*Comes to front at R.*)

MRS. F. (*at L. C.*). What are you going to do? Make a speech?

GRAHAM (*to audience*).

And now, dear friends, before you go,

I'd point the moral of our show.

Is marriage a failure? What's your guess?

WISE (*at R. C.*). My vote is no.

BILLY. So's mine.

MRS. F. And mine is "Yes."

ZOE (*at L.*). Look before you leap is a good old saw,

WISE. And don't be bossed by a mother-in-law.

But choose a girl who is sweet and true,

Who loves her home—

JUNE. And loves you, too.

WISE. Think of my trials and ponder thereupon,

And if you are in doubt consult poor John.

JUNE. If you heed that, you'll every one confess

That marriage is a great and grand success.

SLOW CURTAIN.

# Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 4 males, 7 females (5 are children). Time, 2¼ hours. Scene: 1 interior. Characters: Mrs. Tubbs, the sunshine of Shantytown. Miss Clingie Vine, her lady boarder, real genteel. Mrs. Hickey, a neighbor who hates gossip. Maydelle Campbell, the young school teacher. Simon Rubbels, the corner grocery man. Tom Riordan, the census taker. Queenie, aged twelve. Methusalem, aged eleven. Billy, aged seven. Victoria, aged three. Elmira, aged ten.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Mrs. Mollie Tubbs and her happy little family in Shantytown. The pretty, young school teacher and the Census Taker have a disagreement. Mrs. Tubbs as first aid to Cupid. Mrs. Hickey expresses her opinion of Simon Rubbels. Miss Clingie Vine has her census taken. "My maw was a Virginia Hamm, and whenever we had company, papaw always wore full evening garbage." Bad news from Kansas. "There ain't no way too far for a mother's love. I'm going to my boy."

Act II.—A month later. Mrs. Tubbs returns. Simon Rubbels decides to find a wife. "If he ain't a red-headed hippopotamus, there never was one on this green earth." A Shantytown high jinks with song and menagerie. Clingie Vine decides to be a siren. The light in the window for Jimmie. "I've got my babies, and I've got their love, and all the money in the world can't take that from me, so Mr. Simon Rubbels, the honorable Mrs. Tubbs respectfully declines your offer of matrimony."

Act III.—A Shantytown Thanksgiving. Mrs. Hickey brings the news and Miss Vine inherits a fortune. Mr. Rubbels worries Mrs. Tubbs again. "You kin turn me out in the streets tomorrow, but tonight this house belongs to me. Now there's the door and there's your hat. I won't detain you no longer." Miss Vine and the good looking grocery boy. "Jimmie, my boy, my boy!" The return of the Prodigal Son. "I reckon I'm the happiest woman in the United States of America. My cup runneth over, my cup runneth over!"

## MRS. TUBBS SAYS:

"Clingie's certainly a long time makin' up her mind, but when she's sot a steam shovel himself couldn't unset her."

"I hope and I trust, and when a person hopes and trusts fer a thing they generallly git it. Everything is bound to come out right some time."

"I ain't goin' to worry. There ain't no use in h'istin' your umbrella until it begins to rain."

"I jest do what I have to do and make the best of it. Mr. Tubbs used to say that my voice would scare anything, so I jest try to make it scare the blues."

"Bibulous? Bibulous, Theodore Tubbs, bibulous? Why, mister, that man didn't know no more about the Bible than my sister's cat's tail. And what's more, I ain't got no sister."

"Men is men the hull world over, and it seems jest like it's a man's nature to do that which they oughtn't to do, and to leave undone them things they ought to have did. That's Scripture."

"What difference does money make? If you've got your youth and your strength and your love, that's worth all the money that was ever made in this whole world."

"Love your country and stand up fer it to the last ditch. Poor folks can love their country jest the same as rich ones. And better."

"Keep smiling."

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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers  
154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

# Savageland

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 50 Cents

Musical comedy in 2 acts; 5 males, 5 females and chorus. Time, 2½ hours. Scenes: 2 exteriors. Characters: Jake Heinz, the fifty-ninth variety. Sherlocko Combs, a defective detective. Buckskin Buddy, from Savageland. Gilroy Clay, in love. Big Chief Heap Much Scalpem. Marigold Lee, the Quaker maid. Daffodil Dotty, poetess of passion. Birdie Magoogin, the Irish Cinderella. Ysobel, in vaudeville. Wee-nah, the marble lady. Contains nine catchy songs: "Summer Girlies," "Fair Quaker Maid," "The Modest Blossom," "Letter Song," "Ho, for the West," "He Never Came Back Again," "The Little Birch Canoe," "The Message of the Red, Red Rose" and "Twinkle Doodle Dum." Five of the songs are set to original music by Henry Bethuel Vincent. The remainder are sung to familiar college airs. The foundation of the plot is laughter, carefree, a bit of satire, a touch of sentiment, which combined, will make you understand that life's a merry jest in Savageland. Detailed directions given with each musical number for the arrangement of the chorus, marching, stage pictures, etc.

First produced by The Savage Club at Cornell University. Suitable for any occasion and especially recommended for college and high school productions.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The Summer Girls and the Little Quaker Maid. Sherlocko Combs, the wonderful detective, searching for a missing heiress. "She's worth a million, has a green shamrock tattooed on her right wrist and wears a No. 10 shoe." Buckskin Buddy from Savageland looks for the detective. A missing pitcher of pearls. Sherlocko on the trail. Jake Heinz, the fifty-ninth variety, becomes a Doctor Watson. Clay finds that the course of true love never did run smoothly. Miss Daffodil Dotty, the poetess of passion, has an inspiration. The Cowboy and the Lady. "Ho, for the West!" A living statue. Birdie Magoogin's story. The new cook shows her temper. Jake Heinz, on the trail, proves himself a hero. Jake finds the missing heiress and wins her for his bride. "Then hit the trail for Savageland, three thousand miles away!"

Act II.—In the Savage Mountains. Jake and Birdie on their honeymoon. The automatic carbuncle of the automobile explodes. "Ye should have used soothing syrup instead of gasoline." The Duchess Heinz entertains with a green tea. The Scotch Laird of Killkuse. "Hoot, mon, hoot!" "He talks like an owl—because he's from the owl country." Music lessons in Savageland. "He has a cadenza like a flamingo and warbles like an aurora borealis!" Marigold realizes that the old love is the best love. The Yaki Indians and their Chief, Heap Much Scalpem. A pipe of peace. The Chief throws dust and declares war. The missing Goddess of Love. Sherlocko exposed. The storm in the mountains. Lightning strikes an old tree, it falls apart and discloses the goddess, Wee-nah. "The wonderful Sherlocko never fails."

"A capacity audience at the Lyceum Theater last night was given two hours of unalloyed fun with the Savages in 'Savageland' and many were the regrets when Wee-nah was discovered and there was nothing left to do but to return to Ithaca and the workaday world."—Ithaca Evening News.

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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers  
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# Macbeth à la Mode

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

School burletta in 3 acts; 7 males, 7 females, also teachers, students, etc., with only a few lines. Time, 1¼ hours. No scenery required, merely a front curtain and an easel with placards announcing scenes. Plot: Willie Macbeth is the social leader of the Senior Class. With his friend Banquo he encounters Three Witches, who prophecy that he will pass his examinations, be elected to a class office and will play on the football team. The first two prophecies come true and in Act II, Lady Macbeth, his mother, arranges for him to play on the football team, by drugging the captain. Macbeth flies to the witches for further advice and learns that he will make a touchdown. He does, but runs with the ball toward the enemy's goal, thus losing the game for his own team. Contains five songs: "Fairwell, My Fairy Fay," "Tact," "The Senior Class," "Music and Laughter" and "Good Night," all sung to college airs. This play is very humorous and particularly adapted for schools.

## THE WITCHES' CHANT

Round about the cauldron go;  
Mathematics you must know.  
Let X equal the cold stone,  
When will Y be thirty-one?  
Drop that in the mystic pan;  
Tell me, pray, how old is Ann?  
Double, double, boil and bubble,  
Mathematics makes them trouble.  
Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Biology makes 'em cut and jab.  
Thirteen hours a week in lab.  
Latin, Greek and German, too,  
Fifty pages make a stew.  
And to thicken up the mystery.  
Take two chapters English History.  
Physics, French and English Lit,

Spend an hour on each or git.  
All night long from six to three,  
Study matl and chemistry.  
In the hours when you should  
dream,  
Write an English twelve-page  
theme.  
Work at night and Sunday, too.  
Outside reading you must do.  
Next day, when you're on the  
bunk,  
Teacher springs exam—you  
flunk.  
Double, double, boil and bubble.  
High school life is full of trouble.  
Cool it with a Freshman's blood,  
Then the charm is thick and  
good.  
By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way  
comes.

## Reminiscences of the Donation Party

By JESSIE A. KELLEY.

Price, 25 Cents

The soliloquy of a minister's wife, with tableaux. For 40 or more characters, both sexes, although the number is optional and it can be presented with a smaller cast. Time, about 35 minutes. The wife at the side of the stage recounts the many amusing incidents of the party, tells who attended and what they brought, etc. The characters appear in pantomime. This entertainment is unique. It fills the demand for something that can be put on "at the last moment." It eliminates the usual long preparations required in producing a play; no parts to memorize and it can be played on any platform. Highly humorous, replete with local hits and strongly recommended for church societies.

**T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers**  
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# The Royal Highway

By CHARLES ULRICH.

Price, 25 Cents

A comedy-drama in 4 acts; 8 males, 3 females. Time, 2½ hours. Scenes: 3 interiors. Characters: Arthur Morgan, a lawyer. Charles Williams, a mine superintendent. Bill Hampton, a political boss. Harry Felton, a clerk. Horace Allen, a secretary. Rev. Jordan, a Methodist minister. Jimmy Farrell, an ex-convict. Sam Harrison, a detective. Margaret Ames, known as Miss Holmes. Lucy Matthews, a stenographer. Mrs. Mary Jones, president of the Ladies' Aid Society.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The game of modern politics. The bribe. Morgan defies a political boss. "I'll crush you like I would a fly!" An anonymous philanthropist. The compact and avowal of love. The robbery and accusation. Margaret saves Morgan's honor. "No, it was Providence!"

Act II.—"I wish I had a millionaire friend like Miss Ames!" Farrell butts in. "Youse is playing a game of hearts what ain't in your contract." Williams divides the spoils. Margaret defies Williams, "Where did you get that money?" A villain's kiss and punishment. The power of attorney. "You'll be at my feet crying for mercy!"

Act III.—"Who is this anonymous philanthropist?" "The New York police are looking for you!" The tables turned. "I'll get your measure all right!" The story of Morgan's sorrow. "I could not forgive the woman who deceived me!" The nomination and accusation. Margaret's joy. "You are indeed a man among men!"

Act IV.—"This suspense is driving me mad!" The letter. "I'm on the track of the man who killed my sister!" The convict's secret. "Williams was my pal in Sing Sing!" Margaret reveals herself. "Gee! She's an iceberg!" "How little you know of true love!" Williams pays the penalty of treachery. Harry's promotion. On the royal highway.

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# Re-Taming of the Shrew

By JOHN W. POSTGATE.

Price, 25 Cents

Humorous Shakespearean travesty in one act; 6 males, 5 females. Time, about 45 minutes. One simple interior scene. Characters: Petruchio, Angelo, Duke of Illyria, Othello, Macbeth, Grumio, Katherine, Mariana, Viola, Desdemonia and Lady Macbeth. Plot: After her woeful honeymoon, Katherine becomes an ardent suffragist and imposes household duties on Petruchio, who submits to petticoat government. At a meeting of the women, man's doom as a political or domestic power is announced. The women return to Petruchio's home to find their husbands having a high old time. A lively controversy ensues but the men win the day when they threaten to appeal to the divorce courts. This travesty draws material from "Taming of the Shrew," "Measure for Measure," "Twelfth Night," "Othello" and "Macbeth." It retains many of the original lines from the plays, yet most ingeniously devised to fit the conditions of today. Costumes either Shakespearean or modern. Especially recommended for schools, colleges, etc. Repetite with humor and should please any good club or society.

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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers  
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# A Rustic Romeo

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

A musical comedy in 2 acts, 10 males, 12 females. Only 5 m. and 4 f. have lines. The rest are in the chorus. It can be played by 5 m., 4 f., eliminating the chorus. It will prove equally successful when produced without music. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** 1 exterior, 1 interior. **Characters:** John Jabe Doolittle, the would-be heart smasher of Chowderville. Hink Spinny, who peddles tinware, woodenware and hardware everywhere. Sid Roberts, who longs for the "Great White Way." Azariah Figg, storekeeper. Grandpaw Blue, the oldest inhabitant. Evalina Tupper, the village belle. Miss Dee, a lovelorn critter. Mrs. Spriggs, looking for the third. Honeysuckle Spriggs, her little sunbeam. The Chowderville fire brigade and its charming society leaders, constitute the chorus. Contains ten exceptionally clever songs, humorous and sentimental. "I Want a Big-Town Girl" is set to original music. The remainder are sung to familiar college airs. "Pretty Girls," "I'm Falling in Love Again," "Moonlight Serenade," "John Jabe's Wedding," "Over the Banister," "The Chowder Fire Brigade," "Gay Manhattan," "Love's Waltz" and "On the Fourth of July." A most interesting plot wound about the events of a small town, which keeps one's interest keen until Figg finally locates his \$70.00 and John Jabe gets a wife. This play is a decided novelty. Directions are given with the songs, explaining in detail how the chorus may be drilled to march, form figures, pictures, etc., which are very effective, yet in the range of amateurs. A clever stage director should make this show equal most metropolitan successes. Especially recommended for college productions. Professional stage rights reserved and a royalty of five dollars required for amateur performance.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Chowderville on a busy day. Honeysuckle and St. Cecelia astonish the rubes. The boy whose father was bad. "Do I look like a tall-grass sister?" Miss Dee, a lone, lorn critter, tells of the awfulness of the world. The village belle and the Rustic Romeo. "Girls, girls, girls!" A matrimonial advertisement from a clinging little blonde named Golden-haired Flossie. Hink Spinney tries to propose to Evalina. "If I only had \$70!" Mrs. Spriggs astonishes the natives. "I'll make you think a Kansas tornado has struck your town." A moonlight serenade. The robbery. "Who stole my \$70?"

Act II.—John Jabe's hotel on the Fourth of July. A country wedding. Honeysuckle and the four rubes. "Skidoo is New York talk for scat." The Fairfield Road folks come to the wedding. Miss Dee's wedding present, a bottle of Miggins' Stomach Balm, good "fer every ailment in the human cistern." An unwilling bridegroom. Figg catches the thief—almost. The Chowder fire brigade. A suspicious bride with a temper. Deserted on her wedding morn. "We'll be as happy as two little twin cubeb's." A double wedding and divided wedding presents. Figg recovers his \$70. Patriotic finale: On the Fourth of July.

"We played 'A Rustic Romeo' a few nights ago to a packed house. A dandy play for amateurs."—Tom Conley, Luling, Texas.

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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers  
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# Catchy Songs in A Rustic Romeo

## I WANT A BIG-TOWN GIRL

There is always some excitement  
To be found in New York town;  
I want to learn to be a sport  
And turn things upside down.  
I want to win a pile of tin  
And hear the popping cork:  
It'll be a good chap, not a country yap,  
When I strike old New York.

## PRETTY GIRLS

Listen, listen, a secret I'll unfold,  
Listen, listen, you're worth your weight in gold.  
It's love that turns the world around,  
Bright eyes and dainty curls.  
There's nothing on the earth that can  
Compare with pretty girls.

One night I took a stroll, 'twas in September.  
A starlit night, no moon in sight,  
I saw a figure neat, if I remember,  
Stroll in the park, 'twas rather dark.  
She sat alone upon a bench appearing weary,  
As I went by, she heaved a sigh,  
I kissed her as I said, "Good evening, dearie!"  
I took a look. A negro cook!

Listen, listen, she started after me,  
Bawling, bawling, "I'm your affinity;"

It's love that turns the world around,  
Bright eyes and dainty curls.  
But I must draw the color line  
When kissing pretty girls.

## I'M FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN

A sweet dainty widow, with sweet dainty ways,  
I'm on the lookout for a man;  
And though I had two and each one did skidoo  
I'm doing the best that I can  
To find me a third. I want a sweet boy  
To shield me from worry and strife,  
And surely in all this big bunch out in front  
There's someone who wants a nice wife.

### CHORUS.

I'm head over heels in the ocean of love,  
Now one of you horrible men  
Please be a life saver and throw me a line,  
I'm falling in love again.

## JOHN JABEZ' WEDDING

Then we'll have a country dinner,  
Oyster pie and cold pigs' feet,  
For I know John Jabez' wedding  
Will be mighty hard to beat.  
Uncle Ted'll play the fiddle,  
Marthy Patt she will pi-ann,  
"Swing yer pardners to the middle,"  
Old maid Jen has caught a man.

"We gave 'A Rustic Romeo' and it was a great success. It is the best play for amateurs I have ever seen."—Sue H. Taylor, East Radford, Va.

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# Parlor Matches

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

An engaging comedy of society, 2 acts; 4 males, 5 females. Time, 1½ hours. Scene: 1 simple interior. Characters: Vance Trelford, a professional hero, who doesn't want to be engaged. Don Radey, his cousin, a serious young man, engaged, thank you. Ferdinand Poppleton, a frivolous young man, likewise engaged. Jorkes, the butler, who may or may not be engaged. Mrs. Seltoon, who believes in engagements. Margaret Seltoon, her elder daughter, engaged to Mr. Radey. Suzanne Seltoon, her younger daughter, engaged to Mr. Poppleton. Gail Lawrence, her ward, engaging and eventually engaged. Abigail Mullen, A. B., her maid, temporarily engaged, as it were.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—A morning in June at Solitaire Villa, Dovecote. Mrs. Seltoon smooths out the course of true love. "Whoever heard of a grass widow playing a heroine in a love scene?" "Oh, it's one of the best things they do." Mrs. Seltoon seeking a man for her niece. "What is his yearly income?" The butler's opinion of a woman A. B. "Near-sighted, men's shoes, short bedrabbled skirts, last year's hat and a banner saying Votes for Women!" The new maid who is a graduate from the Splinterville Normal. The moving picture hero. "Women make me nervous. I always keep out of their way." Symptoms of hydrophobia. "I bark, bow-wow-wow!" "His father is in oil and vinegar." "Is it a new kind of a bath?" Gail announces her engagement to the moving picture hero. "He's here in town!" "Fall, O walls, and crush me!"

Act II.—A dinner party. Ferdy decides to enlist in the army. A reconciliation. Abigail and Adrian Lee of the movies. "Those eyes, that nose, it's him?" "I've seen you propose in white flannels, in feathers, in full evening clothes, in a sailor suit, and in the garb of a monk, and every time you've won her in the end." Gail and her fiancee. That odious Mr. Trelford. Dinner is served. Vance Trelford learns that he is engaged. "I expected it all along." "Yes, I begin to think that I did it myself."

# Sewing for the Heathen

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 15 Cents

Entertainment for 9 ladies, either young or middle-aged. Time, 40 minutes. Can be played on any stage or platform, or even in any room. Very refined. Suitable for church or any society. Characters: Mrs. Judd, the hostess. Mrs. Chester, the president. Mrs. R. B. Powers, the stranger. Grandma Gibbs, deaf but persistent. Miss Luella Huggins, so sentimental. Mrs. Strong, a suffragist. Mrs. Meeker, gentle and good. Mrs. Day, a bride. Meely, the hired girl.

## SYNOPSIS.

An anxious hostess. Meely wants to serve winny-wurst sandwiches and noodle soup. The mystery of the jardeniere. The President arrives before she is expected. "It was her hair; she hadn't got it all on yet." Red flannels for the Hottentots in the middle of Africa. A stranger in town, the rich Mrs. Powers. A trip down town. Grandma Gibbs and her ear-trumpet. The rich Mrs. Powers is mistaken for the dressmaker. The meeting of the society. A little tiff. The giddy Miss Huggins is late as usual. A present from the men. "Sewing for the Heathen."

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Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.		8
Two of a Kind, 40 min.	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Which Will He Marry? 20 min.	2	8
Who Is Who? 40 min.	3	2
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.		8
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Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.	1	1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.		2
Five Minutes from Yell Col- lege, 15 min.		2
For Reform, 20 min.		4
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.	2	
Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.		1
Home Run, 15 min.	1	1
Hot Air, 25 min.		2
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min.	1	
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min.	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.		1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min.	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.		2
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.		1
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
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Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.	3	
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